Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and houshold departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 8079, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butterton, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss B. M. Dunphy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burbidge, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MADBONE LODGE, No. 14, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittie G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett L. Gorton, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 184—Robert B. Munroe, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Committee of 25.

The committee of twenty-five of the representative council has practically completed its labors and will soon have its report printed and ready for submission. According to the charter this report must be mailed to every tax paying voter of the city at least seven days prior to the next meeting of the council. Just when the council will meet cannot be told exactly but it is regarded as probable that it will be before the first of March. As the appropriations for running the city made at the January meeting were only sufficient for two months it will be advisable to have the meeting in February if possible.

The committee, it is understood, will recommend total appropriations of $622,453, and of this amount $25,000 will be for a new pavement on a portion of Thames street, from the north side of Marlboro street to the south side of Cannon street.

In order to raise the amount of money necessary the committee recommends that the tax rate be raised from $1.20 to $1.30 on each and every $100 of property. The committee have held their meetings in secret and the public does not know how the members regarded different features of the budget.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening did not accomplish much business, although there was a discussion over the matter of licensing entertainments. The petition of Cahn & Cross for a yearly license instead of a daily license was brought up and the petitioner was given leave to withdraw, as the board did not think that under the present law they had the right to grant it.

The regular weekly pay rolls were approved and several licenses were granted. A claim of $11.20 was ordered paid from the dog fund.

During the early part of the week the ice in the vicinity of Bristol Ferry interrupted the schedule of the steamer Sagamore of the Newport & Providence Railway and through travel to Providence by that route was cut off. The embargo lasted only a day or two however and the trips were resumed when the wind swept the ice out of the bay.

Mr. Hatwood E. Read is confined to his home by illness.

Mr. George S. Gardner is visiting in New York.

Lincoln's Birthday.

The anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, which is also Grand Army Flag Day, was appropriately observed in Newport on Wednesday. Flags were thrown to the breeze from all the public and many of the private buildings of the city, and appropriate exercises were held in the public schools.

In the morning there were exercises in the large assembly halls of the Coddington and Calvert schools, at which there were present details from the new Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R. At the Calvert School the principal address was by Rev. Dr. Quick, and at the Coddington school by Mr. Dudley E. Campbell, the principal.

In the afternoon there was a large gathering at the Rogers High School when the new bronze tablet which has been placed on the wall, bearing Lincoln's Gettysburg address, was dedicated by the members of the Grand Army. Commander James H. Hampton of Lawton-Warren Post conducted the exercises of the Grand Army. After the tablet was unveiled Commander Hampton spoke the dedicatory words and then, after the post had saluted, formally turned it over to the school department. Dr. C. F. Barker, chairman of the school committee, accepted the tablet in behalf of the city. The principal address was made by Daniel R. Ballou of Providence, past department commander of Rhode Island. The exercises were interspersed with music by the pupils of the school.

With the Ice Cutters.

Last Saturday and Sunday were great days for the ice harvesters. Cutting at Easton's Pond was pushed as rapidly as possible in order to take full advantage of the excellent weather. The temperature remained very low all the time and on Sunday there was little wind to make it unpleasant at the pond. There was a large number of spectators there during the day, and many skaters took advantage of the good ice. The thickness varied from nine to twelve inches. Monday and Tuesday were good ice days but by Wednesday the weather had moderated very considerably and the surface of the ice softened up in the sun. Thursday was cool and disagreeable but it rained some and this did not help the ice any. The warm fog of Friday dispelled any idea of further cutting at present.

A fair quantity of ice has been run in already, and it is all of excellent quality and should keep well. The ice is clear and firm and plenty thick enough to make easy harvesting.

Milne is Commander.

At the forty-seventh annual encampment of the Department of Rhode Island, Grand Army of the Republic, held in Providence on Thursday Mr. William O. Milne of this city was elected department commander to succeed Edward H. Wilcox, and Francello G. Jillson of Providence, who is well known here, was elected vice department commander.

The reports of the officers showed a natural decrease in membership but a good condition of finances. National Commander-in-Chief Charles G. Burton was present and was given a warm reception.

Mr. Milne has been a member of the Grand Army for many years. He has worked his way up through the offices in the local post, and for the past year has been vice department commander. His selection for head of the order has given much satisfaction to his many friends in this city.

Mr. Thomas Lennon, formerly employed as clerk in the United States Hotel, died at his home on Weaver avenue Tuesday morning, after a long and lingering illness. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus. Funeral services were held at St. Mary's Church Thursday morning, Rev. Fathers Reddy, Tierney and O'Rourke officiating. There were many beautiful offerings. The bearers were P. J. Connell, Dr. H. A. Martin, William Tobin, Edward F. Kiernan, Daniel Kirby, Edward Keating, James Hamilton and George Palmer. The Knights of Columbus attended in a body.

The receivers of the Union Trust Company of Providence are making strenuous efforts to secure the release of deposits so that the plan of re-organization can go into effect. The last few thousand dollars of deposits promises to give more trouble than all the rest put together. It looks as though some very selfish persons were holding out in the hope of selling their books.

Mr. John J. Egan, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, but was reported as improving, has suffered an ill turn and his condition causes his relatives much anxiety.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Child have returned to Newport to reside.

A Broadway Fire.

There was a bad fire in the Broadway section about midnight Wednesday night. Had it gained a little more headway before being discovered the building would have probably been a total loss. As it was, the firemen had a hard fight before they were sure that the last vestige of flame was extinguished.

The fire was in the house at Broadway and Brooks avenue, owned by John Nelson and occupied by him and by John Rogers. There was but one person in the house when the fire broke out and he was asleep until awakened by the smoke, when he hurried to get out of the house. An alarm was immediately rung in from box 26 and the department found a fierce fire raging in the basement and working in behind the woodwork. The house was full of smoke and it was several hours before the firemen could be sure that the fire was extinguished.

The cause of the fire is unknown. It apparently did not start around the heater, and, by some, electric wires are held responsible but without much proof. Both families were out when the fire was discovered, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers returning just in time to assist in giving the alarm. The damage to the house amounted to a little over $600, all loss being fully covered by insurance.

Residential Fire.

There was an alarm from box 34 Wednesday morning calling the fire department to the double house on Division street owned by Samuel McAdam. There was a brisk fire in the tenement occupied by August Erickson, caused by thawing out frozen pipes. Considerable smoke filtered through the house and out above the roof, so that it looked like a bad fire. One stream of water and the chemical supply were sufficient to quell the fire after some chopping had been done.

Chemical engine No. 1 was much missed at the early stages of the fire. A chemical stream was needed more than water but the engine was late in responding, owing to the fact that the team was out exercising and the driver did not hear the alarm. It arrived eventually, however.

Reports of a new summer hotel are being revived through negotiations for the purchase of the Paran Stevens estate. A number of influential citizens have talked the matter over among themselves and they think that sufficient funds can be raised to secure the site and erect a first class hotel. Acting Mayor Shepley is greatly interested in the scheme and some two years ago he had plans drawn for a hotel to be erected on Bellevue avenue. The Paran Stevens site and the James Gordon Bennett site were considered at that time and it was thought that either of them would answer the purpose admirably. There seems to be considerable backing promised already for the new enterprise and it is entirely within the bounds of possibility that a new hotel may materialize soon. Alderman Shepley is a hustler and generally puts through the things that he undertakes.

The cigar store of Harry Zeidman, at the corner of Thames and Mary streets, was entered by a back window Saturday night and some money and a box of cigars were taken. The culprit was apprehended through some clever detective work on the part of Officer Coggeshall and in the police court on Monday Howard Hare was sentenced to thirty days in the Providence County Jail for larceny of a box of cigars, and to sixty days for larceny of a watch.

Mr. Alfred S. Compton has tendered his resignation as secretary of the boys' branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and leaves for his home in Middletown, N. J., this evening. Mr. Compton has been in Newport for two years and made many warm friends, who regret his departure. He has done splendid work among the boys during his stay in Newport.

Newport Tent, Knights of the Maccabees, held a whist in MERCURY Hall Monday evening. The first prizes for the ladies' best scores were awarded to Miss Edith H. Griffith and Miss Cora Sherman, while Mr. Albert Peckham and Mr. Benjamin B. Barker won the gentlemen's first prizes.

Dr. Charles D. Easton addressed the mothers' meeting Friday afternoon at the Calvert School. His topic was "Dress and Its Relation to Health," and proved very interesting to all present.

Mrs. Harry F. Rooney died at her residence on Mt. Vernon street on Wednesday, after a considerable illness. Besides her husband she is survived by two daughters and a son.

Mr. Anthony Stewart, who is very ill at his home, seems to be holding his own, and there is some hope of his recovery.

Recent Deaths.

George H. Norman.

The people of Newport were greatly shocked to learn of the sudden death in Brookline, Mass., of Mr. George H. Norman of this city, which occurred on Thursday afternoon. Until a few hours before his death there were few here who knew that he was seriously ill, and the announcement of his death was a great surprise and shock. About four weeks ago he left Newport and entered the Corey Hospital at Brookline to submit to a slight operation. At the time it was stated that he would return here in a very few days. The operation was performed successfully and the patient was apparently on the high road to recovery when pneumonia developed and he failed rapidly. Thursday morning his relatives here were notified that he was seriously ill, and several of his brothers and sisters left at once to be at his bedside. He sank rapidly and passed away about 4:30 in the afternoon.

Mr. Norman was one of the leading business men of New England, being the active head of all the great system of Norman water works companies. He had been long regarded as the head of the Norman family, since the death of his father, and he was able to handle in a very efficient manner the vast business interests that fell to him. In spite of the demands upon his time, he was able to take an interest in affairs outside his business and was universally regarded as an able, public spirited citizen. He had a host of friends in all walks of life, being of a uniformly courteous and kindly manner, and being ever attentive to the demands of his friends.

Mr. Norman was born in this city forty-two years ago, being the second son of Abby K. and the late George H. Norman. He was given every advantage in securing an education, being sent at an early age to the famous St. Paul's School in Concord, N. H. After graduating from that institution he went abroad for a time to pursue his studies and upon his return he entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but subsequently changed to Harvard University, where he was graduated in 1888.

When he entered upon an active business life he was for several years located in Boston, rising to become a member of the firm of F. H. Prince & Co. After the death of his father and brother, the late Hugh K. Norman, the vast Norman interests required a firm and experienced hand to care for them, and Mr. Norman devoted his time to them. Under his administration the business grew and prospered exceedingly, due in a large degree to his wise judgment.

Mr. Norman took a great interest in Newport affairs. He was prominent in financial and benevolent institutions, and it was always his aim to carry out as far as possible the plans of his father. He was a member of the board of directors of the Newport Trust Company and of the Aquidneck National Bank. He was one of the Trustees of Long Wharf, a trustee of the People's Library, and a trustee of the Norman fund for the Rogers High School. He was a member of many prominent clubs both here and elsewhere, among them being the Newport Reading Room and the Newport Casino, in each of which he was a stockholder; the Racquet Club, Meadow Brook Club, Somerset, Country Club and Boston Athletic Association.

Mr. Norman went through the Spanish-American War with great credit to himself. He served as a lieutenant on the converted yacht Gloucester and in this position had the signal honor of effecting the capture of the Spanish Admiral Cervera, after taking an active and dangerous part in the great naval battle that accomplished the destruction of the Spanish fleet.

Mr. Norman was never married. He is survived by his mother and four brothers and three sisters, Mr. Guy Norman, Mr. Maxwell Norman, Mr. Bradford Norman, Col. Reginald Norman, Mrs. Frederick H. Prince, Mrs. William R. Hunter, and Miss Mabel Norman. His mother and his sister, Mrs. Prince, and his brother, Col. Reginald Norman, are abroad.

The remains were brought to this city on a special car attached to the train that arrived here at 11 o'clock Friday morning.

Theodore A. Underwood.

Mr. Theodore A. Underwood died at his home on East Bowery street at an early hour Tuesday morning after an illness of about a week, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His sickness was not regarded as serious at first and the news of his death came as a surprise to his friends. Mr. Underwood was a native of Newport, being a son of the late Weeden C. and Susan A. Underwood. He spent his early life in Newport, after which he removed to Uequepaugh, where he made his home until last fall, when he moved back to his native city.

Mr. Underwood was twice married. His widow was formerly Miss Mary Sweet, of Wakefield, R. I., a daughter of Mr. William Sweet, the original bone setter. They had one son, Mr. Grover C. Underwood.

Two sisters survive him: Mrs. Sarah E. Northup of this city and Mrs. Phebe C. Underwood, of Wakefield, R. I., and a half-sister, Mrs. Thomas P. Peckham, of this city. He was a brother of the late William J. Underwood.

Funeral services were held at the Friends' Meeting House on Farewell street on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock and were attended by relatives and friends, Rev. Mr. Kimber officiating. There were many beautiful floral offerings. The bearers were his four nephews: Mr. Herbert Northup, Mr. Charles Northup, Mr. Frank T. Carr and Mr. Stephen S. Carr.

Mrs. Henry Yardley.

Mrs. Jane Woolsey, widow of Rev. Henry A. Yardley, died at her home on Rhode Island avenue on Sunday after a short illness from typhoid pneumonia, in the 74th year of her age. Mrs. Yardley had been an invalid for many years, but was most patient through her affliction, and her friends were constantly gathering about her to bring all the sunshine they could into her life.

Mrs. Yardley is survived by four children: Rev. Thomas Yardley of Philadelphia, Mrs. Laura Sumner, Mrs. Marble, wife of Lieutenant Commander Frank Marble, U. S. N., and Miss Elizabeth Yardley; also two sisters, Miss Theodora Woolsey, of this city, and Mrs. Daniel C. Gilman, wife of the president of Johns Hopkins University. The late Miss Sarah Chauncey Woolsey (Susan Coolridge), the writer, was another sister.

Henry L. Greene.

Hon. Henry L. Greene died suddenly at his home in Riverpoint on Wednesday, being stricken with apoplexy. Although in his eighty-third year he had been in comparatively good health and his death came entirely unexpected. He was one of the leading citizens of the State and had filled many positions of trust and honor. He was the active head of one of the leading manufacturing concerns of the State and was closely identified with many large financial institutions. He was a descendant of the famous Greene family of Rhode Island, of which General Nathanael Greene was a member.

Mr. Greene was well known here and had many friends in this city, being a member of the Rhode Island Society of the Sons of the Revolution and of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati. He was a man admired and respected by all who knew him, and many friends will sincerely mourn his loss.

Against Buenzle.

The Supreme Court of the State of Rhode Island has handed down its decision on the petition for a new trial in the case of Fred J. Buenzle vs. the Newport Amusement Association. The exceptions of the plaintiff are overruled and the judgment of the lower court is sustained.

The decision is a rather long one and goes into the law and the facts in the case. The plaintiff claims damages for mental suffering and humiliation, a phase of the question upon which the court says:

"If he had simply desired to find out whether men in uniform were excluded, he could easily have ascertained that fact (without breach of naval regulation) by presenting himself in uniform at the time of the purchase of the ticket; and he would then, doubtless, have been informed of the rule regarding uniforms and would have been refused a ticket unless he agreed to comply with the rule.

"There would then have been no issue of the ticket, and no case by reason of its repudiation; and there need not have been any public humiliation unless the plaintiff himself saw fit to publish the fact that he had been refused admission on account of his uniform. Such humiliation, therefore, as the plaintiff has suffered under these circumstances, has been occasioned by his own acts.

"It is further to be noted in this case that the refusal to admit the plaintiff was not absolute. He was offered the use of a civilian's coat, and told that if he would change such coat, so as not to appear in uniform, he would be admitted.

"But aside from the above circumstances, which differentiate this case from others herein cited, upon general principles applicable to cases of this character, we do not find a single case cited by counsel for either party where the suit is on the contract where the rule of damages is stated otherwise than substantially as held by the superior court in its direction to the jury."

There was a little excitement at the United States Hotel Thursday evening, caused by a portiere in the hall taking fire from a gas light. It was discovered before any serious damage had occurred.

Miss Margaret Carroll has resigned her position as bookkeeper for the E. A. Brown company.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening when routine business was transacted. The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The enrollment for the month ending January 24, 1908, was 3,654, average belonging 3,388, average attending 3,120.7, per cent. of attendance 91.2, the cases of tardiness 363, and the cases of dismissal 75. The enrollment in Townsend Industrial School was 1,193.

Board of Health.

Since the last meeting of this board the Board of Health has reported four cases of diphtheria and five cases of scarlet fever, and 22 children have been excluded from school on account of these cases of contagion.

Finances.

The total expenditures for January were $12,098.26.

Census.

The teachers have reported to this office the number of pupils of census age in January. The total is 2,932. The teachers of the two parochial schools have also very kindly aided this office by giving their totals—viz., 988. The sum of these is 3,920. The two census takers report as the result of their canvass 4,269, and of these they find 3,918 to be in the public and parochial schools, and 70 under private instruction. Probably no census can be strictly accurate. With our large foreign population it is often impossible to get answers to questions asked. The Old-World experience has made them reticent and secretive.

Rogers High.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have announced for the fifth time a prize of $10 for the best essay by a pupil of grade XIII, on "The Printer and the Press in Colonial Rhode Island." As a supplementary prize a similar amount has been offered by Mrs. Thomas A. Lawton, and therefore two pupils may receive a pecuniary reward in addition to the satisfaction of increased knowledge and ability due to the preparation of their papers. Mrs. William D. Rogers has given for the decoration of the Rogers a framed picture of the Rogers building, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Retirement Fund.

A citizen who believes in the work of the teachers has shown her interest and generosity by a check for $50. This gift together with the last monthly payment by the teachers ($64.12) and the semi-annual interest ($110.39) makes the grand total $21,750.07. In June, 14 teachers will be able to satisfy the conditions of the fund, for their time of service will amount to 30 years. There is, however, a condition attached to the participation that is often forgotten—viz., "No annuity shall be paid till such retiring member shall have contributed to the fund a sum equal to all the assessments for 30 years." As the first payments were made in September, 1898, any one retiring next June would be obliged to pay 20 more assessments, provided it seemed best to the board of trustees to make the fund active. Before next June this matter should be considered, for possibly one or more may retire from service at that time.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 183; number out for illness and other causes, 168; number of cases of truancy (public, 11; parochial, 4), 15; number of different children truants, 13; number found not attending school, 7; number sent to public schools, 2; number sent to parochial school, 1; number of certificates issued, 4.

The monthly report of the finance committee showed expenditures in January of $12,098.26 and a balance of $12,351.23 remaining from the appropriation made for the months of January and February. It was voted that the expenses of the superintendent on his trip to Washington to attend the national meeting of school superintendents the last of February be paid by the department.

The resignation of Miss Grace Evelyn Comstock as a teacher in Coddington I was accepted to take effect March 20. It was voted to pay Miss Hay at the rate of $400 per year while she is substituting for Miss Downing.

Cards were received the past week announcing the marriage of Miss Marion Josephine Fine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Fine, of Philadelphia, to Dr. William John Speers, formerly of this city, but now of Fall River. Dr. and Mrs. Speers will be "at home" Wednesdays, April 22 and 29, at 277 Walnut Street, Fall River, Mass.

The Sayer building on Thames street is being transformed into a small theatre and will probably be used for vaudeville or moving picture shows. Considerable work is being done in adapting the building for its new use.

Captain and Mrs. Willis C. Metcalf are entertaining their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Metcalf, of Butler, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Shaw Safe and Mrs. Walter Norman Eldridge are in New York for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harwood E. Read are entertaining Mrs. Read's sister, Mrs. N. B. Thompson.

Mr. John Vars, formerly of this city, but now of Boston, was a visitor here the past week.

THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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To the worth of this story there are two substantial tributes—first, that it was run as a serial by the London Sphere, a publication noted for its discrimination in the selection of serials and which rarely uses an American story; second, that "The Mystery" was one of the "good sellers" of 1907. This is a story of mystery and adventure on new lines. The style is as graphic and forceful as the "copy" of a skilful reporter of an important news event. The part of the hero unfolds gradually until he stands revealed as the rarest combination of whimsical humor and cool courage ever presented, perhaps, in fiction. The narrative, which conveys the impression of reality, not fiction, is swift and alluring, holding the interest of the reader as with hooks of steel.

CHAPTER I.

THE late afternoon sky flaunted its splendor of blue and gold like a banner over the Pacific, across whose depths the trade wind droned in measured cadence. On the ocean's wide expanse a hulk wallowed sluggishly, the forgotten relict of a once brave and sightly ship, possibly the sphinx of some untold ocean tragedy, she lay black and forbidding in the ordered procession of waves. Half a mile to the east of the derelict hovered a ship's cutter, the turn of her crew's heads speaking expectancy. As far again beyond, the United States cruiser Wolverine outlined her severe and trim silhouette against the horizon. In all the spread of wave and sky no other thing was visible. For this was one of the desert parts of the Pacific, 900 miles north of the steamship route from Yokohama to Honolulu, 500 miles from the nearest land, Gardner island, and more than 700 northwest of the Hawaiian group.

On the cruiser's quarter deck the officers lined the starboard rail. Their interest was focused on the derelict.

"Looks like a heavy job," said Ives, one of the junior lieutenants. "These floaters that lie with deck almost awash will stand more hammering than a mud fort."

"Wish they'd let us put some six inch shells into her," said Billy Edwards, the ensign, a wistful expression on his big, round, cheerful face. "I'd like to see what they would do."

"Nothing but waste a few hundred dollars of your Uncle Sam's money," observed Carter, the officer of the deck. "It takes placed charges inside and out for that kind of work."

"Barnett is the man for her then," said Ives. "He's no economist when it comes to getting results. There she goes!"

Without any particular haste, as it seemed to the watchers, the hulk was shouldered out of the water as by some hidden leviathan. Its outlines melted into a black, outshowering mist, and from that mist leaped a giant. Up, up, he towered, fossed whirling arms a hundred feet abranch, shivered and dissolved into a wide-spread cataract. The water below was lashed into fury. In the midst of which a mighty death agony beat back the troubled waves of the trade wind. Only then did the muffled double boom of the explosion reach the ears of the spectators, presently to be followed by a whispering, swift skimming wavelet that swept irresistibly across the bigger surges and lipped the ship's side, as for a message that the work was done.

Here and there in the sea a glint of silver, a patch of purple or dull red or a glistening apparition of black showed where the unintended victims of the explosion, the gay hued open sea fish of the warm waters, had succumbed to the force of the shock. Of the intended victim there was no sign save a few fragments of wood bobbing in a swirl of water.

When Barnett, the ordnance officer in charge of the destruction, returned to the ship Carter complimented him.

"Good clean job, Barnett. She was a tough customer too."

"What was she?" asked Ives.

"The Caroline Lemp, three masted schooner. Any one know about her?"

Ives turned to the ship's surgeon, Trendon, a grizzled and brief spoken veteran, who had at his fingers' tips all the lore of all the waters under the reign of the moon.

"What does the information bureau of the seven seas know about it?"

"Lost three years ago—spring of 1904—got into ice field off the tip of the Aleutians. Some of the crew froze. Others got ashore. Part of survivors accounted for. Others not. Say they've turned native. Don't know myself."

"The Aleutians!" exclaimed Billy Edwards. "Great cats! What a drift! How many thousand miles would that be?"

"Not as far as many another derelict has wandered in her time, son," said Barnett.

The talk washed back and forth across the hulks of classic sea mysteries, new and old; of the City of Boston, which went down with all hands, leaving for record only a melancholy scrawl on a bit of board to meet the wondering eyes of a fisherman on the far Cornish coast; of the Great Queensland, which set out with 500 souls aboard, bound by a route unknown to a tragic end; of the Naronic, with her silent and empty lifeboats alone left, drifting about the open sea, to hint at the story of her fate; of the Horondan, which ten years later, on the same day and date and hailing from the same port as the Naronic, went out into the void, leaving no trace; of Newfoundland captains who sailed, roaring with drink, under the arches of cathedral bergs, only to be prisoned, buried and embalmed in the one icy embrace; of craft assailed by the terrible one stroke lightning clouds of the Indian ocean, found days after, stone blind, with their crews madly hauling at useless sheets, while the officers clawed the compass and shrieked; of burnings and piracies, of pest ships and slave ships and ships mad for want of water, of whelming earthquake waves and mysterious suctions, drawing irresistibly against wind and steam power upon unknown currents; of stout hulks deserted in panic, although sound and seaworthy, and of others so swiftly dragged down that there was no time for any to save himself, and of a hundred other strange, stirring and pitiful ventures such as make up the inevitable peril and incorrigible romance of the ocean. In a pause Billy Edwards said musingly:

"Well, there was the Laughing Lass."

"How did you happen to hit on her?" asked Barnett quickly.

"Why not, sir? It naturally came into my head. She was last seen somewhere about this part of the world, wasn't she?" After a moment's hesitation he added, "From something I heard ashore I judge we've a commission to keep a watch out for her as well as to destroy derelicts."

"What about the Laughing Lass?" asked McGuire, the paymaster, a New Englander, who had been in the service but a short time.

"Good Lord, don't you remember the Laughing Lass mystery and the disappearance of Dr. Schermerhorn?"

"Karl Augustus Schermerhorn, the man whose experiments to identify telepathy with the Marconi wireless waves made such a furore in the papers?"

"Oh, that was only a byproduct of his mind! He was an original investigator in every line of physics and chemistry, besides most of the natural sciences," said Barnett. "The government is particularly interested in him because of his contributions to aerial photography."

"And he was lost with the Laughing Lass?"

"Nobody knows," said Edwards. "He left San Francisco two years ago on a hundred foot schooner with an assistant, a big brass bound chest and a ragamuffin crew. A newspaper man named Slade, who dropped out of the world about the same time, is supposed to have gone along too. Their schooner was last sighted about 450 miles northeast of Oahu in good shape and bound westward. That's all the record of her that there is."

"Was that Ralph Slade?" asked Barnett.

"Yes. He was a free lance writer and artist."

"I knew him well," said Barnett. "He was in our mess in the Philippine campaign on the North Dakota. War correspondent then. It's strange that I never identified him before with the Slade of the Laughing Lass."

"What was the object of the voyage?" asked Ives.

"They were supposed to be after buried treasure," said Barnett.

"I've always thought it more likely that Dr. Schermerhorn was on a scientific expedition," said Edwards. "I knew the old boy, and he wasn't the sort to care for treasure, buried or unburied."

"Every time a ship sets out from San Francisco without publishing to all the world just what her business is all the world thinks it's one of those wild goose hunts," observed Ives.

"Yes," agreed Barnett. "Flora and fauna of some unknown island would be much more in the Schermerhorn line of traffic. Not unlikely that some of the festive natives collected the unfortunate professor."

Various theories were advanced, withdrawn, refuted, defended, and the discussion carried them through the swift twilight into the darkness which had been hastened by a high spreading canopy of storm clouds. Abruptly from the crow's nest came startling news for those desolate seas: "Light, ho! Two points on the port bow!"

The lookout had given extra voice to it. It was plainly heard throughout the ship.

The group of officers stared in the direction indicated, but could see nothing. Presently Ives and Edwards, who were the keenest sighted, made out a faint, suffused radiance. At the same time came a second hail from the crow's nest.

"On deck, sir."

"Hello," responded Carter, the officer of the deck.

"There's a light here I can't make anything out of, sir."

"What's it like?"

"Sort of a queer general glow."

"General glow, indeed!" muttered Forsythe, among the group aft. "That fellow's got an imagination."

"Can't you describe it better than that?" called Carter.

"Don't make it out at all, sir. Ain't any regular and proper light. Looks like a lamp in a fog."

Among themselves the officers discussed it interestedly as it began to grow plainer.

"Not unlike the electric glow above a city seen from a distance," said Barnett as it grew plainer.

"Yes, but the nearest electric lighted city is some 800 miles away," objected Ives.

"Mirage, maybe," suggested Edwards.

"Pretty hard working mirage to cover that distance," said Ives. "Though I've seen 'em"—

"Great heavens! Look at that!" shouted Edwards.

A great shaft of pale brilliance shot up toward the zenith. Under it whirled



A great shaft of pale brilliance shot up.

ed a maelstrom of varied radiance, pale with distance, but marvelously beautiful. Forsythe passed them with a troubled face on his way below to report, as his relief went up.

"The quartermaster reports the compass behaving queerly," he said.

Three minutes later the captain was on the bridge. The great ship had swung, and they were speeding direct for the phenomenon. But within a few minutes the light had died out.

"Another sea mystery to add to our list," said Billy Edwards. "Did any one ever see a show like that before? What do you think, Doc?"

"Humph!" grunted the veteran. "New to me. Volcanic, maybe."

CHAPTER II.

THE falling of dusk on June the 3d found tired eyes aboard the Wolverine. Every officer in her complement had kept a private and personal lookout all day for some explanation of the previous night's phenomenon. All that rewarded them were a sky filmed with lofty clouds and the holiday parade of the epauletted waves.

Nor did evening bring a repetition of that strange glow. Midnight found the late stayers still deep in the discussion.

"One thing is certain," said Ives; "it wasn't volcanic."

"Why so?" asked the paymaster.

"Because volcanoes are mostly stationary, and we headed due for that light."

"Yes, but did we keep headed?" said Barnett, who was navigating officer as well as ordnance officer, in a queer voice.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Edwards eagerly.

"After the light disappeared the compass kept on varying. The stars were hidden. There is no telling just where we were headed for some time."

"Then we might be fifty miles from the spot we aimed at."

"Hardly that," said the navigator. "We could guide her to some extent by the direction of wind and waves. If it was volcanic we ought certainly to have sighted it by now."

"Always some electricity in volcanic eruptions," said Trendon. "Makes compass cut didoes. Seen it before."

"Where?" queried Carter.

"Off Martinique. Pelee eruption. Needle chased its tail like a kitten."

"Are there many volcanoes hereabouts?" somebody asked.

"We're in 162 west, 31 north, about," said Barnett. "No telling whether there are or not. There weren't at last accounts, but that's no evidence that there aren't some since. They come up in the night, these volcanic islands."

"Just cast an eye on the charts," said Billy Edwards. "Full of E. D.'s and P. D.'s all over the shop. Every one of 'em volcanic."

"E. D.'s and P. D.'s?" queried the paymaster.

"Existence doubtful and position doubtful," explained the ensign. "Every time the skipper of one of these wandering trade ships gets a speck in his eye he reports an island. If he really does bump into a rock he cuts in an arithmetic book for his latitude and longitude and lets it go at that. That's how the chart makers make a living, getting out new editions every few months."

"But it's a fact that these seas are constantly changing," said Barnett. "They're so little traveled that no one happens to be around to see an island born. I don't suppose there's a part on the earth's surface more liable to seismic disturbances than this region."

"Seismic!" cried Billy Edwards. "I should say it was seismic! Why, when a native of one of these island groups sets his heart on a particular loaf of bread up his breadfruit tree he doesn't bother to climb after it. Just waits for some earthquake to happen along and shake it down to him."

"Good boy, Billy!" said Dr. Trendon approvingly. "Do another."

"It's a fact," said the ensign heatedly. "Why, a couple of years back there was a trader here stocked up with a lot of jelly mixture in bottles. Thought he was going to make his pile because there'd been a colic epidemic in the islands the season before. Bottles were labeled 'Do not shake.' That settled the business. Might as well have marked 'em 'Keep frozen' in this part of the world. Fellow went broke."

"In any case," said Barnett, "such a glow as that we sighted last night I've never seen from any volcano."

"Nor I," said Trendon. "Don't prove it mightn't have been."

"I'll just bet the best dinner in San Francisco that it isn't," said Edwards.

"You're on," said Carter.

"Let me in," suggested Ives.

"And I'll take one of it," said McGuire.

"Come one, come all," said Edwards cheerily. "I'll live high on the collective bad judgment of this outfit."

"Tonight isn't likely to settle it anyhow," said Ives. "I move we turn in."

Expectant minds do not lend themselves to sound slumber. All night the officers of the Wolverine slept on the verge of waking, but it was not until dawn that the cry of "Sail ho!" sent them all hurrying to their clothes. Ordinarily officers of the United States navy do not scuttle on deck like a crowd of curious schoolgirls, but all hands had been keyed to a high pitch over the elusive light, and the bet with Edwards now served as an excuse for the betrayal of unusual eagerness; hence the quarter deck was soon alive with men who were wont to be deep in dreams at that hour.

They found Carter, whose watch on deck it was, reprimanding the lookout.

"No, sir," the man was insisting, "she didn't show no light, sir. I'd 'a' sighted her an hour ago, sir, if she had."

"We shall see," said Carter grimly. "Who's your relief?"

"Sennett."

"Let him take your place. Go aloft, Sennett."

As the lookout, crestfallen and surly, went below Barnett said in subdued tones:

"Upon my word, I shouldn't be surprised if the man was right. Certainly there's something queer about that hooker. Look how she handles herself!"

The vessel was some three miles to windward. She was a schooner of the common two masted Pacific type, but she was comporting herself in a manner uncommon on the Pacific or any other ocean. Even as Barnett spoke she heeled well over and came rushing up into the wind, where she stood with all sails shaking. Slowly she paid off again, bearing away from them. Now she gathered full headway, yet edged little by little to windward again.

"Mighty queer tactics," muttered Edwards. "I think she's steering herself."

"Good thing she carries a weather helm," commented Ives, who was an expert on sailing rigs. "Most of that type do. Otherwise she'd have jibed her masts out, running loose that way."

Captain Parkinson appeared on deck and turned his glasses for a full minute on the strange schooner.

"Aloft there!" he hailed the crow's nest. "Do you make out any one aboard?"

"No, sir!" came the answer.

"Mr. Carter, have the chief quartermaster report on deck with the signal flags."

"Yes, sir."

"Aren't we going to run up to her?" asked McGuire, turning in surprise to Edwards.

"And take the risk of getting a hole punched in our pretty paint with her running amuck that way? Not much!"

Up came the signal quartermaster to get his orders, and there ensued a one sided conversation in the pregnant language of the sea.

"What ship is that?"

No answer.

"Are you in trouble?" asked the cruiser and waited. The schooner showed a bare and silent main peak.

"Heave to." Now Uncle Sam was giving orders.

But the other paid no heed.

"We'll make that a little more emphatic," said Captain Parkinson. A moment later there was the sharp crash of a gun, and a shot went across the bows of the sailing vessel. Hastened by a flaw of wind that veered from the normal direction of the breeze the stranger made sharply to windward, as if to obey.

"Ah, there she comes!" ran the comment along the cruiser's quarterdeck.

But the schooner, after standing for a moment, all flapping, answered another flaw and went wide about on the opposite tack.

"Derelict," remarked Captain Parkinson. "She seems to be in good shape, too, Dr. Trendon."

"Yes, sir." The surgeon went to the captain, and the others could hear his deep, abrupt utterance in reply to some question too low for their ears.

"Might be, sir. Beriberi, maybe. More likely smallpox if anything of that kind. But some of 'em would be on deck."

"Whew! A plague ship!" said Billy Edwards. "Just my luck to be ordered to board her." He shivered slightly.

"Scared, Billy?" said Ives. Edwards had a record for daring which made this joke obvious enough to be safe.

"I wouldn't want to have my peculiar style of beauty spoiled by smallpox marks," said the ensign, with a smile on his homely, winning face. "And I've a hunch that that ship is not a lucky find for this ship."

"Then I've a hunch that your hunch is a wrong one," said Ives. "How long would you guess that craft to be?"

They were now within a mile of the schooner. Edwards scrutinized her calculatingly.

"Eighty to ninety feet."

"Say 150 tons. And she's a two masted schooner, isn't she?" continued Ives insinuatingly.

"She certainly is."

"Well, I've a hunch that that ship is a lucky find for any ship, but particularly for this ship."

"Great Cæsar!" cried the ensign excitedly. "Do you think it's her?"

A buzz of electric interest went around the group. Every glass was raised. Every eye strained toward her stern to read the name as she veered into the wind again. About she came. A sharp sigh of excited disappointment exhaled from the spectators. The name had been painted out.

"No go," breathed Edwards. "But I'll bet another dinner"—

"Mr. Edwards," called the captain. "You will take the second cutter, board that schooner and make a full investigation."

"Yes, sir."

"Take your time. Don't come alongside until she is in the wind. Leave enough men aboard to handle her."

"Yes, sir."

The schooner steamed to within half a mile of the aimless traveler, and the small boat put out. Not one of his fellows but envied the young ensign as he left the ship, steered by Timmins, a veteran bo'sn's mate, wise in all the ins and outs of sea ways. They saw him board, neatly running the small boat under the schooner's counter. They saw the foresheet eased off and the ship run up into the wind. Then the foresail dropped and the wheel lashed so that she would stand so. They awaited the reappearance of Edwards and the bo'sn's mate when they had vanished below decks, and with an intensity of eagerness they followed the return of the small boat.

Billy Edwards' face as he came on deck was a study. It was alight with excitement. Yet between the eyes two deep wrinkles of puzzlement quivered. Such a face the mathematician bends above his paper when some obstructive factor arises between him and his solution.

"Well, sir?" There was a hint of effort at restraint in the captain's voice.

"She's the Laughing Lass, sir. Everything shipshape, but not a soul aboard."

"Come below, Mr. Edwards," said the captain. And they went, leaving behind them a boiling caldron of theory and conjecture.

CHAPTER III.

BILLY EDWARDS came on deck with a line of irritation right angling the furrows between his eyes.

"Go ahead," the quarter deck bade him, seeing him afflush with information.

"The captain won't believe me," blurted out Edwards.

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Barnett, smiling.

"It certainly is," replied the younger man seriously. "I don't know that I blame him. I'd hardly believe it myself if I hadn't"—

"Oh, go on! Out with it! Give us the facts. Never mind your credibility."

"The facts are that there lies the Laughing Lass a little weather worn, but sound as a dollar, and not a living being aboard of her. Her boats are all there. Everything's in good condition, though none too orderly. Pitcher half full of fresh water in the rack. Sails all O. K. Ashes of the galley fire still warm. I tell you, gentlemen, that ship hasn't been deserted more than a couple of days at the outside."

"Are you sure all the boats are there?" asked Ives.

"Dory, dinghy and two surfboats. Isn't that enough?"

"Plenty."

"Been over her, inside and out. No sign of collision. No leak. No anything, except that the starboard side is blistered a bit. No evidence of fire anywhere else. I tell you," said Billy Edwards pathetically, "it's given me a headache."

"Perhaps it's one of those cases of panic that Forsythe spoke of the other night," said Ives. "The crew got frightened at something and ran away, with the devil after them."

"But crews don't just step out and run around the corner and hide when they're scared," objected Barnett.

"That's true, too," assented Ives. "Well, perhaps that volcanic eruption jarred them so that they jumped for it."

"Pretty wild theory, that," said Edwards.

"No wilder than the facts, as you give them," was the retort.

"That's so," admitted the ensign gloomily.

"But how about pestilence?" suggested Barnett.

"Maybe they died fast, and the last survivor, after the bodies of the rest were overboard, got delirious and jumped after them."

"Not if the galley fire was hot," said Dr. Trendon briefly. "No; pestilence doesn't work that way."

"Did you look at the wheel, Billy?" asked Ives.

"Did I? There's another thing. Wheel's all right, but compass is no good at all. It's regularly bewitched."

"What about the log, then?"

"Couldn't find it anywhere. Hunted high, low, jack and the game; everywhere except in the big, brass bound chest I found in the captain's cabin. Couldn't break into that."

"Dr. Schermerhorn's chest!" exclaimed Barnett. "Then he was aboard."

"Well, he isn't aboard now," said the ensign grimly. "Not in the flesh. And that's all," he added suddenly.

"No, it isn't all," said Barnett gently. "There's something else. Captain's orders?"

"Oh, no. Captain Parkinson doesn't take enough stock in my report to tell me to withhold anything," said Edwards, with a trace of bitterness in his voice. "It's nothing that I believe myself, anyhow."

"Give us a chance to believe it," said Ives.

"Well," said the ensign hesitantly, "there's a sort of atmosphere about that schooner that's almost uncanny."

"Oh, you had the shudders before you were ordered to board," bantered Ives.

"I know it. I'd have thought it was one of those fool presentiments if I were the only one to feel it. But the men were affected too. They kept together, like frightened sheep. And I heard one say to another, 'Hey, Boney, d'you feel like some one was a-buzzin' your nerves like a fiddle string?' Now," demanded Edwards plaintively, "what right has a jackie to have nerves?"

"That's strange enough about the compass," said Barnett slowly. "Ours is all right again. The schooner must have been so near the electric disturbance that her instruments were permanently deranged."

"That would lend weight to the volcanic theory," said Carter.

"So the captain didn't take kindly to your go-look-see?" questioned Ives of Edwards.

"As good as told me I'd missed the point of the thing," said the ensign.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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THE MYSTERY

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

flushing. "Perhaps he can make more of it himself. At any rate he's going to try. Here he is now."

"Dr. Trendon," said the captain, appearing. "You will please to go with me to the schooner."

"Yes, sir," said the surgeon, rising from his chair with such alacrity as to draw from Ives the sardonic comment:

"Why, I actually believe old Trendon is excited."

For two hours after the departure of the captain and Trendon there were dull times on the quarter deck of the Wolverine. Then the surgeon came back to them.

"Billy was right," he said.

"But he didn't tell us anything!" cried Ives. "He didn't clear up the mystery."

"That's what," said Trendon. "One thing Billy said," he added, waxing unusually prolix for him, "was truer than maybe he knew."

"Thanks," murmured the ensign. "What was that?"

"You said 'Not a living being aboard.' Exact words, hey?"

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed the ensign excitedly. "You don't mean you found dead"—

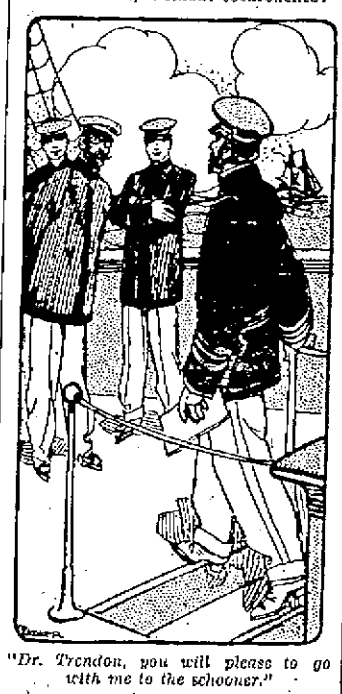
"Keep your temperature down, my boy. No. You were exactly right. Not a living being aboard."

"Thanks for nothing," retorted the ensign.

"Neither human nor other," pursued Trendon.

"What!"

"Food scattered around the galley. Crumbs on the mess table. Ever see a wooden ship without cockroaches?"



"Dr. Trendon, you will please to go with me to the schooner."

"Never particularly investigated the matter."

"Don't believe such a thing exists," said Ives.

"Not a cockroach on the Laughing Lass. Ever know of an old hooker that wasn't overrun with rats?"

"No, nor any one else. Not above water."

"Found a dozen dead rats. No sound or sign of a live one on the Laughing Lass. No rats, no mice, no bugs. Gentlemen, the Laughing Lass is a charnel ship."

"No wonder Billy's tender nerves went wrong," said Ives, with irrepressible flippancy. "She's probably haunted by cockroach wraiths."

"He'll have a chance to see," said Trendon. "Captain's going to put him in charge."

"By way of apology, then," said Barnett. "That's pretty square."

"Captain Parkinson wishes to see you in his cabin, Mr. Edwards," said an orderly, coming in.

"A pleasant voyage, Captain Billy," said Ives. "Sing out if the goblins get yer."

Fifteen minutes later Ensign Edwards, with a quartermaster, Timmins, the bo's'n's mate and a crew, was heading a straight course toward his first command, with instructions to "keep company and watch for signals," and intention to break into the brass bound chest and ferret out what clew lay there if it took dynamite. As he boarded Barnett and Trendon, with both of whom the lad was a favorite, came to a sinister conclusion.

"It's poison, I suppose," said the first officer.

"And a mighty subtle sort," agreed Trendon. "Don't like the looks of it." He shook a solemn head.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Swiss Naval Wars.

References to the Swiss navy are usually jocular, but it is none the less a fact that ships of war once floated and even fought on the waters of the lake of Geneva. The great fleet was that of the Duke of Savoy, who at the beginning of the fourteenth century maintained a number of war galleys armed with rams and protected by turrets and propelled by a crew of oarsmen varying in number from forty to seventy-two. These vessels besieged Versoix and even blockaded Geneva. But Geneva also had a fleet which helped in the capture of Chillon in 1536, and when the Bernese annexed the canton of Vaud they, too, had their flotilla. Their largest vessel was the Great Bear, with 64 oarsmen, 8 guns and 150 fighting men.—Westminster Gazette.

Office Boy's Little Coup.

The office boy in a downtown office has framed up the following schedule of the firm's office hours, which is displayed in a prominent place on the wall: "9-10 reserved for book agents and people with various things to sell, 10-11 for insurance agents, 11-12 bores with long stories, 1-2 solicitors for church and charitable institutions, 2-3 discuss sporting news with callers, 3-5 miscellaneous social visitors. N. B.—We transact our own business at night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP.

No Man Knows When the Moment of Unconsciousness Comes.

There is a remarkable fact connected with sleep which must not be overlooked. The sleep of a human being, if we are not too busy to attend to the matter, always evokes a certain feeling of awe. Go into a room where a person is sleeping, and it is difficult to resist the sense that one is in the presence of the central mystery of existence. People who remember how constantly they see old Jones asleep in the club library will smile at this, but look quietly and alone even at old Jones and the sense of mystery will soon develop.

It is no good to say that sleep is only "moving" because it looks like death. The person who is breathing so loudly as to take away all thought of death causes the sense of awe quite as easily as the silent sleeper who hardly seems to breathe.

We see death seldom, but were it more familiar we doubt if a corpse would inspire so much awe as the unconscious and sleeping figure—a smiling, irresponsible doll, flesh and blood, but a doll to whom in a second may be called a proud, active, controlling consciousness which will ride his bodily and his mental horse with a hand of iron, which will force that body to endure toil and misery and will make that mind, now wandering in paths of fantastic folly, grapple with some great problem or throw all its force into the ruling, the saving or the destruction of mankind. The corpse is only so much bone, muscle and tissue; the sleeping body is the house which a quick and eager master has only left for an hour or so.

Let any one who thinks sleep is not a mystery try to observe in himself the process by which sleep comes and to notice how and when and under what conditions he loses consciousness. He will, of course, utterly fail to put his finger on the moment of sleep coming, but in striving to get as close as he can to the phenomena of sleep he will realize how great is the mystery which he is trying to fathom.

A JAPANESE DINNER.

Plenty of Variety, but Too Much Salt For American Palates.

"I am afraid you won't like it," said the young Japanese baron. "You insisted, though, on a real Japanese dinner. So what was I to do?"

They seated themselves, the three girls and he, upon the green silk cushions placed on a parquetry floor about a little table a foot high. A Japanese servant entered with the tea, and the Japanese dinner began.

For first course there were sweet biscuit and tea—delicate tea of the April harvest, "first chop" tea, formerly served with cherry spoons and a poem for each guest.

Next came ushio, a salty soup, with which the national wine, called sake, was served in flat saucers.

The third course was a little raw fish, very salty and steeped in a sour and appetizing sauce. The guests, contrary to their expectation, found the raw fish no more difficult to eat than raw oysters. With this course went a salad of white chrysanthemums.

The elaborate fourth course consisted of boiled chestnuts and a paste of sharks' fins, quail roasted and hashed with preserved cherries and crawfish with eggs. These viands were all arranged decoratively on one large dish.

The fifth course, also on one dish, was boiled bamboo shoots with soy, salted mushrooms and a cold boiled salmon and cold boiled perch, with pickled shoots of the ginger plant.

Next came a soup of seaweed, bitter, salty, decidedly good; next an assortment of nuts boiled in soy; next salt relishes; next delicious boiled rice, the grains as large as cherries, and, to conclude, tea again.

The young girls as they rose from their low cushions and limped about in the effort to get the stiffness out of their legs said that the Japanese dinner had been very good, really much better than they had counted on, but perhaps a little too salty for occidental taste.—Exchange.

A Shower Wedding.

"And you say when the heiress became the wife of the foreign nobleman it was a shower wedding?"

"I should say so. The bride wore a shower bouquet."

"Yes."

"And then there was a shower of rice."

"My!"

"Followed by a shower of congratulations and old shoes."

"Well, well! And how did it end up?"

"Very embarrassing all round. The nobleman's creditors came around and presented a shower of bills."—Kansas City Independent.

As Good as the Zoo.

"Will you come with me to the zoo this afternoon?"

"No, thank you; I would rather stay at home. My eldest daughter jumps like a wild goat, my youngest shrieks like a parrot, my son is as surly as a bear, my wife snaps like a dog, and my mother-in-law, who is a veritable tigress, says I am exactly like an orang outang. So, you see, I have no need to go to the zoo to see strange creatures."

A Difference.

Young Aspirant—Sir, may I count on your supporting me? Practical Citizen—That depends, young man. Are you going to run for office or do you want to marry my daughter?—Philadelphia Ledger.

He conquers twice who restrains himself in victory.—Syrus.

The Only Fault.

Guest—Waiter, bring me some rice pudding. Waiter—Er, 'fraid I can't jess recommend the rice puddin' today, sir. Guest—What's the matter with it? Waiter—Nothin', sir, 'cept there ain't none!—London Scraps.

Sheridan on being asked how we came to call Gibbon "luminous," answered, "I said 'so luminous.'"

AN ARMY EPISODE

By HAROLD OTIS.

[Original.]

MISS CORINNE STEPTOE was spending the social season with her aunt in the city. Miss Steptoe was the daughter of Colonel Steptoe of the United States army, commanding Fort Atkins; and while at home her social relations were limited to the officers on duty there and to the members of their families.

Though a true army girl, regarding the army her home, she was not averse to enjoying a round of balls and parties in the city, but the idea of marrying out of the circle in which she had been born never entered her head.

Civilians were well enough to dance with, but no man except a soldier need apply for her hand.

Among the youths with whom Miss Steptoe flirted mildly was one whose collar was higher and whose manners were more pronounced than any of the rest.

It was whispered among the ladies that he was the wildest young man in society.

This was certainly not indicated by his name, which was Pettypace. He was the son of a wealthy merchant who seemed to supply him with plenty of money to throw away.

Among those who presented themselves for what Miss Steptoe considered "a good time" none seemed to fill the conditions so well as Jack Pettypace, and just before the close of the season, when she was about to start for the fort, Mr. Pettypace completed what she considered "a good time" by proposing marriage.

"I am sorry you have so misunderstood me," she said in reply. "I am an army girl and do not expect to marry unless in the army."

"What! One of those slow going fellows made to toe the mark like schoolboys?"

"The army is the home of many brave and dashing men," was the bristling reply.

"I think I'll try it myself."

Miss Steptoe laughed.

"I'm going to enlist in the corps under your father's command."

"And have three years of drudgery. Talk about the officers being schoolboys! In the ranks you'll be a prisoner in comparison."

"If I don't like it, I'll leave."

Again Miss Steptoe gave vent to her silvery laugh.

"Oh, I don't care a rap for your army fellows. I'm going to enlist, and when I want to get out of their toils I'll have no difficulty in doing so."

Miss Steptoe laughingly told Mr. Pettypace that if he would enlist in the army and get out of it without deserting, buying his discharge or using political influence, she would accept him for a husband. She limited him to two weeks to accomplish the feat.

Miss Steptoe had scarcely reached her father's quarters when she heard the women gossiping about a recruit who had presented himself for enlistment dressed in the height of fashion and evidently a gentleman.

Many causes were suggested for his having entered the ranks, from a disappointment in love to cheating at cards.

The next morning she was startled at seeing Jack Pettypace walking post before her father's quarters. He did not recognize her, and she had agreed to keep his secret.

A few days later she heard it stated among the officers' wives that the gentlemanly private had gone insane and had been put in a straitjacket. This is a true version of how it happened:

One morning after a horseback ride one of the bachelor officers entered his quarters to find the sentinel who had been on guard before his door standing at the end of his suit of rooms pointing his gun directly at his superior's breast. The sentinel's eyes were wild, and he was muttering incoherently. As soon as his gaze struck the officer he ordered him to halt and stand at attention. The officer lost no time in obeying the order.

"Mutiny! Mutiny! Mutiny!" shrieked the private. "Do you come to your general's quarters to kill him? Turn out the guard! Death to traitors! Would you assassinate the czar?"

While firing these incoherent sentences the lunatic was cocking and uncocking his piece, pointing it at the officer's breast, laughing hysterically and muttering to himself.

"The mutineers are coming!" he howled. "They're going to murder their sovereign. I shall kill every mother's son of them, and then my title to the throne will be perfect."

"General—your majesty, I mean," said the officer, "shall I call a force to protect you?"

"Send the Swiss guard!"

In another minute the officer was at the telephone, calling to the sergeant of the guard to bring a dozen men with loaded guns to arrest an enlisted man who had gone insane and was howling in the officers' quarters.

Meanwhile the lunatic was taking a bracer from his superior's sideboard to keep him up to his work, and when the guard arrived he had purposely parted with his musket.

But he struggled and screamed as he was hurried off to the guardhouse and thence to a room in the hospital where he was confined by himself.

The insane man's father was communicated with, the soldier's discharge was made out, and he was sent under guard to a private sanitarium.

One morning Jack Pettypace, armed with his discharge papers, visited Fort Atkins and walked straight to the colonel's quarters. His arrival caused a sensation at the post among the officers, their families and the enlisted men.

It culminated when Mrs. Steptoe announced the engagement of her daughter with the "insane" private who, by outwitting the officers and the surgeons, had secured his discharge.

A Financier.

"Father," asked Rollo, "what is a financier?"

"A financier, my son, differs from the ordinary business man in being able to make the government sit up and worry when his affairs do not go right."—Washington Star.

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AGENTS WANTED to sell the Novels of PAUL DE KOCK. The *Outlook* says "he is one of the most amusing writers of the century;" and Bulwer wrote of him, "more racy and powerful than any other writer I am aware of." Pamphlet sent on request.

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

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Saturday, February 15, 1908.

Ohio seems to be for Taft. The big Secretary of War made a splendid run in his home State.

More money will soon leave the country. Another international marriage takes place in New York to-day.

Next Saturday will be the anniversary of the Birth of the Father of His Country. The name of George Washington will remain in the minds of the people as long as the nation shall live,

Depositors in the Union Trust Company can take warning from the experience of the New York bank whose assets shrank from $1,050,000 to $36,000 under the administration of receivers.

A million robins have been killed in Louisiana during the winter by so-called sportsmen. And now the slaughter of the birds is held responsible for the progress of the boll weevil. This may be looked upon as just vengeance for the wanton murder of the birds.

The Navy Department approves of friendly boxing bouts, but it does not believe that the practice of settling disputes in that manner should be allowed. And yet there is much to be said in favor of boxing with gloves under supervision rather than going out behind the barn and having it out with bare fists. Had it not been for the unfortunate accident the department would probably not have frowned upon the practice.

The Presidential candidates are opening up the floods of oratory and carrying out their plans to capture the convention. The genial William H. Taft is probably the strongest individually but he fears a combination against him by the friends of the other candidates. Hughes of New York is developing wonderful strength and may easily make sufficient gains to carry the convention. Either of these men would ably fill the Presidential chair, with credit to the country.

The death of George H. Norman has robbed Newport of another of her leading citizens. He was a man who held the respect of the entire community and his loss is keenly felt in every walk of life. A keen, alert business man, progressive, yet never reckless, he administered all the interests intrusted to him in a thoroughly efficient manner. Yet he was never too busy to fail to heed the calls of friend or acquaintance, and he took a deep interest in the affairs of Newport. His position in the community will be hard indeed to fill.

The commander of the ill-fated steamer General Slocum, which was burned with loss of a thousand lives nearly four years ago, must go to prison for his negligence in failing to hold regular fire drills on board the steamer. His sentence of ten years has been affirmed by the Supreme Court and there seems to be no help for him to escape serving the sentence. Captain Van Schaick is seventy years of age and will probably not live to serve out his sentence. He is the only man who has been convicted for that disaster, although he behaved like a hero when the fire broke out. The others who were indicted for neglect in connection with the horrible disaster have never been convicted.

It is to be hoped that the appropriation of $225,000 for a revenue cutter to be stationed in Narragansett Bay, which has been recommended by the Senate committee on commerce, will be passed. For years the necessity for such a vessel here has been very evident. The shipping that passes by here between New York and the east is very large and there have been frequent calls for assistance to vessels in distress. Although the men at the naval stations have never hesitated to start out in response to such a call, their craft has oftentimes been so unseaworthy that instead of rendering aid to others it has been all they could do to bring themselves back in safety. A strong sea-going vessel is urgently needed here. The value to shipping that might be afforded by the wireless telegraph at the Torpedo Station is greatly lessened by the lack of a suitable vessel.

On the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln there was dedicated in the Rogers High School a bronze tablet on which is engraved the Gettysburg Address by this great man. It is eminently fitting that such a tablet should be placed in this building, and it would be well to have such a memorial in every school in all the land. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is a wonderful thing. First it is a tribute from the nation's head to the memory of the men who died that their country might live; it is an expression of gratitude that the nation has been preserved and a reminder of the undying debt which the country bears to its preservers. As such the Address is one that should be preserved and held in eternal veneration. But it is also an instructor of youth in another way. Couched in simple language, with no attempt at oratorical effect, it is nevertheless a triumph of pure diction and rhetorical expression. As a literary masterpiece the Address would live; as a tribute to the memory of patriotic men it is incomparable.

General Assembly.

The State Legislature has had some lively days this week and some rather quiet ones. Several new bills have been introduced in both houses, among them being an amendment to the dog law, whereby Newport will be somewhat relieved of the burden of expense in connection with dog damages. This bill was presented by Mr. Burdick at the request of the board of aldermen. Another new bill is one making an appropriation for maintaining the Stone Bridge and for paying the balance due on it. The Block Island bond issue has been passed by the House, after Representative Hogan had made a long speech attacking the methods of doing business in that town.

The Senate has practically completed the selection of State officers to fill the vacancies that occurred on the first of February. Much of the time of Wednesday was devoted to this, and there was a spirited debate between Senators Sanborn and Gardner over the matter. The candidates elected were those approved by the Republican caucus. The joint committee on accounts and claims had a meeting this week and after discussion declined to hear the claim of Augustus H. Smith for amounts claimed to be due for work on the Stone Bridge. There is a case pending in court and the committee did not wish to prejudice the case by hearing testimony.

Governor Higgins has extended a pardon to Vincenzo Gianfrancisco, who was sentenced from this city for assault, on condition that he leave the country as soon as possible, and the Senate has given its advice and consent. In the House on Wednesday much of the time was devoted to addresses in memory of Abraham Lincoln, Representative Burlingame of this city making a very pleasing speech.

Correcting the Boys.

Out in Denver the juvenile court under Judge Ben B. Lindsey has been accomplishing wonders in the task of making delinquent boys co-operate in the work of their own reformation. Judge Lindsey has brought to his work a mental equipment that has been the means of remarkable success along the lines that he has marked out, and it has now passed the experimental stage. His idea has been to place a boy on his honor more often than to mete out punishment of some kind or other. To help him in the task, he has interested a number of boys who have at one time or another come before him, and these lads serve both to brace up the new fellows and to keep the judge informed as to whether or not the boys are "playing fair." It is admitted that Judge Lindsey has been successful to a marked degree in his dealing with juvenile criminals.

It is remarkable how many boys can be appealed to from the honor standpoint. But it is not every man who can do the appealing. Mr. Lindsey is peculiarly fortunate in this regard. He has the faculty of understanding boys. He sees that a boy's intentions are not deep-rooted as a rule, but that he is very much the expression of his immediate whim. Therefore, says the judge, the boy is not to be measured by the same rule that you would use in measuring a man. Here is where he is right, too. This fact is proven over and over in the public schools. Some teachers are all the time in trouble, and in trouble not so much because of what a boy does or does not do, as because of what they think they ought to do. It is a failure on their part to understand the boy, thinks the Westerly Sun. The one who succeeds with the average boy is the one who knows how not to see too much, but how to see what should be seen. Judge Lindsey possesses that gift. Hence he has made a success of the principle on which he conducts his juvenile court.

While everybody does not possess this ability in such a marked degree as do some others, it is an ability which can be cultivated. When a boy's confidence has been obtained, and he realizes this community of interest, he is quick to respond. He may come from an environment which may cause him to deceive his very best friend sometimes, but that is no reason why he should be thrown over. Another time, and a little more training, may give him the opportunity to prove himself the man that his friends expected him to be. Judge Lindsey is doing an excellent work, both in Denver and elsewhere, by calling attention to his methods. But it should not be accepted that everybody can make the same degree of success even if the same opportunities are given. Under some instructors, "all work and no play make Jack a dull boy." Under others, the play becomes a discipline of which the boy is unconscious, but which is none the less real. That is the principle which underlies the Kindergarten. But good for Judge Lindsey, just the same.

William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has elected delegates to attend the National Congress of the Daughters in Washington, as follows: Regent, Miss Edith M. Tilley; alternates, Mrs. Thomas Burlingham, Mrs. John P. Sanborn, Miss Elizabeth B. Smith, Mrs. A. C. Titus; delegate, Mrs. J. Alton Barker; alternates, Miss Elizabeth H. Swinburne, Miss Susan W. Swinburne, Mrs. Clara E. Dennis, Mrs. George W. Barlow, Miss Jennie Davis.

Church—"Did that detective you engaged discover anything?" Gotham—"Yes; that I had money."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Passing Pensioners.

In his annual report just published, covering the year ending June 30 last, Secretary of the Interior Garfield states that during the twelve months the loss to the pension list was 49,631, of which 45,766 were caused by death. The net reduction of the roll for the year was 18,600, leaving the total at the date named 967,371. Less than 6000 pensioners represent the wars previous to 1846, and only 10,699 remain of the Mexican war veterans. The pensioned soldiers of the Civil War number 528,099 and the total henceforth must rapidly grow less. There are 256,163 pensioned widows. Soldiers of the Spanish war draw 19,031 pensions, and the pensioned widows attributable to that conflict are 1100.

Since the foundation of the government nearly $3,600,000,000 has been devoted to pensions, of which nine-tenths is due to the Civil War, but this expenditure is not out of proportion to the number engaged and the seriousness of the casualties. Many thousand Civil War soldiers were slain or died of disease who left no pensionable relatives. A subscription is on foot in England, headed by King Edward, to provide a fund for the support of British veteran soldiers for whom there is no better place now than the workhouses. It is one of the glories of the United States that no American soldier is reduced to such an extremity. A pension gives him a living chance and there are soldiers' homes, national and state, whose doors are always open to him. Undoubtedly a nation has the authority to call its citizens to the battle field. But there is no occasion to say "Lest we forget" in regard to this country's treatment of its brave defenders.

Money in Smoke.

Who is smoking all the cigarettes? During the whole of last year these slender specimens of surcease combatted a legion of anti-cigarette crusades in several states and fought legislative enactments against their sale and consumption; yet there were 930,061,560 more cigarettes sold than during the preceding year. It is a striking record for the little so-called "dude killers" to make.

The total tobacco figures for the year 1907 go far toward proving that man will have his smoke, whatever be the state of his purse or the disturbances of his mind. It seems we smoked up about 8,500,000,000 of cigars, something more than a billion of little cigars, or cigarros, and about 300,000,000 pounds of pipe tobacco during the twelve month. And this in a year accussed of being "hard times." It was quite a lot of money to be puffed away into smoke. Will some statistic-loving brother—or sister—of the anti-tobacconites please tell us how many town lots we could have bought with it?

Yet the possession of all those impalpable town lots might not, after all, have given mankind so much joy, nor even as much value, as did those bluish volumes of perfumed incense which we blew into the vanishing winds. My Lady Nicotine has become the mistress of civilized man. He woos her when it is dark for sympathy and her soothing spell; when it is light he pays her court for her gentle, exhilarating comradeship. She soothes his pain, calms his anger, cheers his solitude, and enhances his merriment. Come whatever life may, go whatever friends, man turns to his pipe and is at peace. He is never quite alone in the world who has his pipe with him.

This may not be true of the cigarette. But the excessive use of cigarettes proves that men will not do without tobacco in some form. In spite of legislation and moral crusades against it, it is quite probable that the world will never use less tobacco. Two decades ago there were many men who never smoked. Now it is rare to find one. The "tobacco heart" and the "tobacco eyes," the cramped chest and the irritated throat may all be real blood money—wrung from them as part of the price they pay—but men will still woo the fairy spirit of the smoke rings. The doctors may tell that her lips are stained with poison, and others warn that she is sinful, but we will not give her up. Hers is the spell of one we love, and will perish rather than deny. Such is the attitude of the confirmed smoker, and the figures show that his name is legion.—Washington Post.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Feb. 15, 1908.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Feb. 14 to 16, warm wave 13 to 17, cool wave 16 to 20. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Feb. 20, cross Pacific slope by close of 21, great central valleys 22 to 24, eastern states 25. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 20, great central valleys 22, eastern states 24. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Feb. 23, great central valleys 25, eastern states 27.

This will be a general storm averaging much colder than usual. The warm wave will bring only moderate temperatures while the cold waves preceding and following the storm center will cause unusually cold weather. This disturbance will cause more than the average precipitation of the month, much of which, in northern states, will be snow.

The force of this disturbance will not be so great as in the disturbances about first of February, but radical weather may be expected during balance of the month.

About and immediately following February 15 a high temperature wave will be midway of the continent and moving eastward. A severe cold wave will follow that warm wave, the storms will be severe, with rains, followed in northern sections by snows.

A great warm wave is expected about first of March. General forecasts of March weather will be given in next bulletin.

Election of Officers.

St. Mary's Holy Name Society.

President—Jeremiah A. Corcoran.
Vice President—David Fenton.
Secretary—Mortimer L. Sullivan.
Treasurer—Rev. Father Tierney.
Marshal—Charles A. Wahlgren.
Trustees—John Martin, Dennis McDonald, Alfred Greaves.

Washington Matters.

Suspension of the Public Printer—Third State Reception Held—Transportation to the Panama Canal—President Roosevelt Endorses Monument for Confederate Dead—No Increase for Postal Employes This Year—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., February 14, 1908.

The main topic of interest in Washington this week is the suspension of the Public Printer, Charles A. Stillings, by the President, which amounts practically to a removal, as the facts already disclosed will preclude the possibility of his reinstatement. That powerful concern, the Audit System, is still on the salary roll, but its days are numbered and under a clause of its contract it may be terminated upon one week's notice, and that notice has already been given. While the government probe is to go to the very bottom of things no sweeping changes are contemplated by the Acting Public Printer Brian who is proceeding with deliberation and care to acquaint himself with the actual conditions now existing. He desires to have the business of the great establishment conducted in an orderly manner while the investigation is in progress.

Senator Lodge assured the President, this week, that he and his colleague, Senator Crane, did not stand for Public Printer Stillings and that while they acquiesced in his appointment, they now believe it was not a good one and they both favor the investigation of the Government Printing Office that is in progress.

The Central Labor Union, through its executive committee, went before President Roosevelt, following the removal of Mr Stillings, and made additional charges against him. The charges were filed with the President and by him turned over to Mr. Rossiter for hearing. These are that the Public Printer was guilty of violation of the eight-hour law and two or three other statutes governing the office of the Public Printer.

Congress was honored this week by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, who held the third State reception of the official season complimentary to that body, and seldom has there been a more brilliant Congressional reception. A large contingent of the diplomatic corps and a clientele of New York guests also added to the reception. As the function was complimentary to the members of Congress, the first person to greet the President was, of course, the Speaker of the House, Mr. Joseph G. Cannon, popularly known as "Uncle Joe." If a thought passed through the brain of either gentleman about the possibility of their changing places by reason of the next Presidential election, neither showed it. With a hearty word of greeting, and a jest, "Uncle Joe" passed down the line followed by Miss Cannon and their House guests.

A joint resolution offered by Senator Frye was reported favorably this week from the Senate Committee on Commerce, which provides for the transportation by sea of material and equipment for use in the construction of the Panama Canal. According to its provisions vessels owned by the United States or chartered by the United States shall be the sole carriers of supplies to the isthmus for use on the canal. The canal commission is authorized to purchase and operate vessels for this purpose, these vessels to carry in addition employes on the canal and mails for canal workers.

In expressing regret at being unable to attend a lecture on "Castles in the Air," to be delivered next week by Senator Taylor of Tennessee, for the benefit of the monument to be erected to the Confederate dead at Arlington, President Roosevelt heartily endorsed the movement for the monument. He said, in part: "Not far from the monument which will stand to commemorate the Confederate dead, not far from the many monuments commemorating those who died in the Union army, at Arlington, now stands the monument to the soldiers of my regiment who died at Santiago; and among those I should say there are about as many whose fathers wore the gray as whose fathers wore the blue. I wish you all success, and I wish that it were in my power to do more than to testify, as I am now testifying, to my sympathy for the success of the patriotic endeavor in which you are engaged."

No provision will be made in this year's Post-office appropriation bill for increased salaries for postal employes. Hearings on the matter have been completed and the bill will be reported to the House the latter part of next week. It will carry approximately $220,000,000, an increase of about $8,000,000 over the sum carried in the bill for the current year.

President Roosevelt's earnest desire that four battle ships be provided for at this session will not receive the approval of the House Committee on Naval Affairs. While it has taken no vote on this proposition, there is authority for predicting that the committee will recommend the construction of but two of these battleships. The warning of Chairman Tawney, of the Committee on Appropriations, regarding the certainty of a heavy deficit and the prospect of decreased revenues during the next fiscal year is having a tendency to compel the party leaders to hold down the appropriations. It seems assured, however, that the proposition to cut the proposed battleships from four to two will be strenuously opposed by the Democratic members.

Wedding Bells.

Tucker-Gorman.

Miss Polly Gorman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Terence Gorman, of this city, and Mr. James Tucker, of Middletown, were married Thursday evening at St. Mary's rectory, Rev. Father Reddy officiating. Miss Annie Tucker, sister of the groom, attended the bride, and Mr. William Bettle performed the duties of best man.

A reception followed at the home of the groom on Maple avenue, Middletown, where the many pretty gifts were shown. There was a large number of people present at the reception from Newport.

"I'm so thirsty," said the old lady. "Can you direct me to a soda water fountain in this neighborhood, sir?"

"Soda water?" exclaimed Weary Willie in disgust. "Say, lady, you don't deserve ter have a thirst!"—Philadelphia Press.

"Who was that well dressed man to whom you just bowed?"

"That's my husband."

"Your husband?"

"Yes. We are in different sets, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Brown University Notes.

The entries for the Carpenter Prize Speaking Contest, which is open to sophomores and to any juniors who did not enter the competition during their sophomore year, closed on February 7th. The contest this year promises to be even more interesting than usual, inasmuch as thirty men, the largest number in several years, have signified their intention of competing in the preliminary trials which will be held the latter part of this term. The final contest will be held in Manning Hall early in May.

Dr. Mead of the Department of Comparative Anatomy, who is in charge of the state fishery plants at Wickford, R. I., was visited there very recently by a representative of the Japanese government whose intention it is to introduce the American lobster in the Japanese waters. Dr. Mead has attained signal success in raising lobsters, and his eastern visitor expressed himself as much pleased with the suggestions he had received from the experimental work at Wickford.

The second term's work of the University Extension Course began last week. Dr. Walters of the Department of Comparative Anatomy, introduced his new course in Ornithology with a lecture on the methods of bird study in school and out. The other lectures thus far given are:—"The Use of the Telescope," Professor Winslow Upton; "The Organization of the Roman Family," Professor John F. Greene; "English Composition," Professor W. Benedict.

The Brown University Vaudeville Club will give its annual performance on Monday, February 17th. The chief feature of the program, which will consist of six numbers, is a one-act musical comedy, "The Yap of Yalue," written by Robert B. Jones, '07. The proceeds of the performance will go to the Vaudeville Club, instead of to the Athletic Association as has been the case during the past two years.

The arrangements for the Sophomore Ball, which is to be held on Thursday evening, February 27th, in Sayles Hall, are being rapidly completed. The patronesses have been selected, and the contract for the invitations has been awarded.

Dr. Albert Mead, head of the Department of Comparative Anatomy, contributed a very comprehensive article to the February number of the Brown Alumni Monthly, on "Recent Discoveries in Hereditary and their Effect upon Evolution and Darwinism." Dr. Mead gave a very detailed account of the so-called Mongolian inheritance theory, which has lately occupied so much of the attention of cryptologists.

"Are your neighbors obliging?"

"I should say so. They always let me use our telephone whenever I want to."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

FEBRUARY 1908. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve.
15 Sat	6 58	5 33	6 10	6 22	6 50
16 Sun	6 57	5 34	rises	7 03	7 25
17 Mon	6 56	5 36	6 56	7 45	8 02
18 Tues	6 55	5 37	8 05	8 17	8 40
19 Wed	6 54	5 38	9 51	8 54	9 15
20 Thurs	6 52	5 39	8 55	9 33	9 55
21 Fri	6 51	5 40	9 57	10 10	10 35

New Moon, 2d day, 3h. 30m., morning.
First Quarter, 9th day, 11h. 27m., evening.
Full Moon, 17th day, 4h. 5m., morning.
Last Quarter, 24th day, 10h. 24 m. evening.

$1,000 00 CASH

NEW 8-ROOM COTTAGE

NEAR KAY STREET,

I hold for sale a new cottage, 8 rooms, bath, &c., hot water heater, set tubs, all modern improvements, which I am instructed to sell for $5,000, of which $1,000 may remain on mortgage at 5 per cent.

A good opportunity to secure a comfortable home, with a small cash capital. Only $1,000 required. Apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue. Telephone 320.

Deaths.

At her residence in this city, Sunday, 9th inst., Jane Woolsey, widow of Rev. Henry A. Yardley, in her 74th year.

In this city, 9th inst., Christina L., daughter of James and Mary C. McPherson, in the 4th year of her age.

In this city, 9th inst., at her residence, 195 Spring street, Ellen, widow of Michael Adams, aged 85 years.

In this city, 11th inst., Theodore A. Underwood, aged 53 years.

In this city, 11th inst., at his residence, 88 Weaver avenue, Thomas J., son of Edward and the late Elizabeth Lennon.

In this city, 12th inst., at her residence, 7 Mt. Vernon street, Margaret C., wife of Henry F. Rooney.

At Stone Bridge, Tiverton, 12th inst., Samuel Cory, in his 79th year.

In South Portsmouth, 11th inst., Jane D., widow of Jonathan A. Sisson, aged 71 years.

At Brookline, Mass., at 1.30 p. m., on February 13, 1908, Mr. George H. Norman of Newport, R. I., in his 53rd year.

In South Westport, Mass., Alden W. Brightman.

In New Bedford, 11th inst., Caroline S. Taber, widow of Thomas R. Taber and daughter of Richard and Elizabeth Swan of Newport, aged 81 years.

In Philadelphia, February 8, 1908, Amy Smedley, widow of Robert Hare Powel and daughter of the late John Bradley.

In Bristol, 10th inst., Anna Elizabeth DeWolf Middleton, in her 94th year.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

GOVERNOR'S MOVE

Grand Jury to Investigate the American Ice Company

A SPECIAL ATTORNEY

Attorney General's Office Gets From District Attorney Jerome Documents Used in Original Investigation, as Well as Minutes of 1906 Jury

New York, Feb. 14.—Ex-Assistant District Attorney James W. Osborne has been appointed a special deputy attorney general to take entire charge of the investigation of the American Ice company, which was organized by Charles W. Morse. The inquiry will begin soon before the present special grand jury for New York county.

The appointment of Osborne was whose office was instructed by Governor Hughes to conduct such an investigation. Osborne was chief assistant in the district attorney's office under Attorney Jerome during the latter first incumbency in office. Subsequently he was the Democratic candidate for district attorney, being defeated by Jerome. He will be assisted in his present task by Deputy Attorney General De Ford and another deputy yet to be named.

In 1906 the American Ice company was investigated by a grand jury which did not return an indictment. After Osborne's appointment a messenger from the attorney general's office visited Jerome and got from him all of the documents used in the original investigation, as well as the minutes of the 1906 grand jury and the papers concerning the ice company, filed with the district attorney by the attorney general last fall.

Later Jackson and De Ford appeared before the special grand jury and arranged to present the evidence to that body next week. Jackson said this would be done just as soon as the papers could be prepared and he hoped that would not be later than Monday or Tuesday next.

On the eve of leaving office, Attorney General Meyer instituted suit against the American company for the dissolution of the company, on the ground that it was a corporation operating in restraint of trade and in violation of the so-called Donnelly anti-trust law. The action had been discontinued recently on the order of the court and at the request of Jackson. The present attorney general submitted similar charges to the district attorney last fall and when the latter failed to find evidence of criminality justifying further procedure, Jackson brought the matter before the governor, with the result that the attorney general was invested with the responsibility of attempting prosecution.

Wesley N. Oler is president of the American Ice company, which in 1907 paid an annual dividend of 9 percent. Large blocks of stock were sold at 67 1-2 and higher. During the recent financial stress there was a slump and yesterday its highest mark was 14 1-8.

Cumberland's Commander Censured

Washington, Feb. 12.—A letter of censure has been written by the navy department to Lieutenant Landenberger, the commanding officer of the Cumberland, on which occurred the boxing bout resulting in the death of Seaman Apprentice Hartnet. The department does not find fault with the practice of boxing, but it discountenances it for the purpose of settling any disputes, which, it is understood, was the case in the present instance.

Cole Indictment Quashed

Salem, Mass., Feb. 12.—The indictment of 123 counts returned last month by the Essex county grand jury against John N. Cole of Andover, speaker of the house of representatives, was quashed by Chief Justice Aiken in the criminal session of the superior court. Cole was charged with a solicitation of reduced railroad fares for school-children. Chief Justice Aiken made no comment in handing down his decision.

Chasing Disqualified Steamer

Mobile, Ala., Feb. 11.—The United States revenue cutter Winona left this port under full steam in pursuit of the German steamer Delta, which left Pensacola two days ago after having been seized by the United States marshal there on a bill of libel for $8000. Little hope is entertained of overtaking the fugitive steamer.

Cannon's Candidacy Endorsed

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 14.—The Republican congressional committee of the Twenty-first district met here and called the convention to select delegates to the national convention for March 8. The committee adopted resolutions endorsing the candidacy of Joseph G. Cannon for President.

Edward E. Carter, Boston representative of the Southern Pacific railroad, died at his home at Malden, Mass., of softening of the brain. He was 61 years old and had been on the staffs of Governors Ames, Brackett and Robinson. He was a veteran of the Civil war.

Liabilities aggregating $50,053 and assets of $20,000 were shown in the schedule filed by Charles L. Yorke, proprietor of the Boston tavern, at Boston, who was petitioned into involuntary bankruptcy.

The D. S. MacDonald company, which has maintained a bakery and restaurant at Boston, has been petitioned into bankruptcy by creditors. The liabilities are not stated.

Amasa C. Gould, a real estate dealer of Lynn, Mass., has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, giving his liabilities as $20,726, with no assets.

Michael J. Norton of Revere, Mass., was struck and killed by an electric car on Atlantic avenue, Boston. He leaves a widow and three children.

Representatives of a number of leather firms of New England met at Boston and organized the New England Leather and Shoe Binders' association to forward and promote the interests of their trade.

BLACK'S HOT RAPS

Man Who Nominated Roosevelt Severely Scorches Him

IN RIVALRY WITH BRYAN

Two Great Parties Are Plaything In Hands of Two Men--Country Controlled by Despotic and Unscrupulous Bossism--A Word For Hughes

Boston, Feb. 14.—Former Governor Black of New York, who four years ago nominated Mr. Roosevelt as president, was the principal speaker at the annual banquet of the Home Market club, a leading high tariff Republican organization. Black reviewed the business situation of the country, and, although he did not mention President Roosevelt by name, much of his address was a criticism of the administration, which Black held as partially responsible for the depression.

The former governor, referring to William J. Bryan, thought that he and the president were engaged in "rivalry to see who can say the most and worst." The speaker said that "the two great political parties, once so proud and militant, are playthings in the hands of two men whom the intelligence of the country rejects."

The conservative business and professional men present as guests and members of the club received the famous lawyer's onslaught on the president with applause, and at the end, when the former Roosevelt enthusiast closed with a particularly vicious stab, they rose as a man and burst into prolonged cheers.

Ex-Governor Black carefuly avoided mentioning any names, but he spoke in such terms that none present could misunderstand his meaning. From first to last his attack was aimed straight at the White House, except for one sentence when he launched a biting sarcasm at William Jennings Bryan as the dangerous misdirector of the Democratic party.

Some of the pungent anti-Roosevelt raps from Black were:

"We have seemingly entered upon a national debauch, and, whirling the big stick, are running amuck among the institutions of the land."

"There never has been in the history of this country a bossism so despotic and unscrupulous as that which controls you now."

"It is neither necessary nor wise to embrace under governmental supervision every subject known to the human race. Americans do not need to be managed or advised in their business, their habits and their pleasures."

"This country does not need anyone to run it or to feel it; it sadly needs someone who will let it alone."

"A leader is not one who excites the crowd and then goes with it."

"A most conspicuous example of intelligent direction is now in the public mind. My own State has the honor to present him (Hughes) for popular examination. Few are so blind they do not see that his example floods the country with new confidence and hope. The best will follow those who lead the best."

Mr. Black was followed by Congressman Bannon, who discussed the tariff at great length and advocated a continuance of the present policy of protection of American industries. Bannon made his only reference of the evening to either Taft or Foraker in these words: "We can't afford to dispense with the services of such a grand Republican as Joseph Benson Foraker. Further than this the prophet speaketh not."

Train Killed Man and Woman

Hamilton, Mass., Feb. 13.—Miss Hattie Hill, aged 21, and George Copp, aged 21, while taking a short cut to the Hamilton station last night, became confused by trains approaching in two directions and were both instantly killed by being struck by a train. Miss Hill was employed as a stenographer in Beverly. Copp was employed in the motor department of the Boston and Maine railroad at Boston.

Two Little Fellows Drowned

Fall River, Mass., Feb. 12.—Henry F. Sutcliffe, aged 6, and John A. Dawson, aged 7, had been playing on the thick ice of Watuppa pond when they ventured into the sluiceway, where warm exhaust water from the mills had softened the ice. The boys broke through the ice and sank into the soft mud so far that they could not extricate themselves and were drowned.

New France-American Treaty

Washington, Feb. 11.—Secretary Root and Ambassador Jusserand signed a treaty yesterday providing for the arbitration of any issue that may arise between France and America. The treaty will have to be submitted to the American senate and to the French executive before it can become effective. Meanwhile its provisions are withheld from publication.

Double Killing by Train

Lewiston, Me., Feb. 13.—While standing between the cars of a freight train in the Maine Central railroad's lower yard Charles Day and James Gleun of this city were hurled down and run over when the train started suddenly. Both men died after being removed to a hospital.

Raisuli's Great Nerve

London, Feb. 14.—It is announced that there is a prospect of Raisuli, the Moroccan bandit, appearing on the variety stage in London.

Longboat Beats Shrubb's Time

Boston, Feb. 11.—Tom Longboat, the Indian long-distance runner, who is to represent Canada at the Olympic games in London next summer, won a ten mile relay race here last night, defeating three men. His time was 50 minutes, 52 3-5 seconds, beating the record made by Alfred Shrubb, the English champion, over the same track.

FUSE WAS DEFECTIVE

Original Intention Was to Kill King Carlos With a Bomb

Lisbon, Feb. 14.—It has been learned that a bomb was found under the landing stage where King Carlos landed on the day of the assassination. It had failed to explode because of a defect in the fuse.

A number of persons have called at the late home of Buica, one of the dead assassins, to give money to his mother-in-law for the support of his children. The proprietor of a department store has opened a subscription for them with $1000, also giving them free use of their house.

A curious fact has come to light. Shortly before the crim Buica had completed with the king in a shooting match, beating his royal opponent by several points.

New Trial For Dickinson

Boston, Feb. 13.—After fighting in the courts for nearly five years, John W. Dickinson of Newton, who is charged with wrecking the South Danvers National bank, was granted a new trial yesterday, as the result of an opinion handed down in the United States circuit court of appeals. On the ground that Dickinson could not lawfully waive his right to a trial by twelve jurors, and that his conviction by ten jurors was accordingly unconstitutional, the court of appeals set aside the judgment and verdict of the United States district court and remanded the case to that court for another trial.

Tom Johnson's Methods Attacked

Columbus, O., Feb. 14.—Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland was assailed on the floor of the house by Representative Roberts, who charged that $84,000 was illegally appropriated from the treasury of the city of Cleveland to build street railway tracks to relieve the congestion in the public square. For this congestion Roberts declared the street railway companies, backed by Johnson, were largely responsible. The charges went unchallenged.

Fines and Jail For Printers

New York, Feb. 12.—Ex-Secretary McCormick of the local branch of the Typographical union, No. 6, and George W. Jackson and Vincent J. Costello, union organizers, were fined $250 each and sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment for disobedience of an injunction obtained by the Typothetae of New York in 1906. Thomas Bennett and William Sanderson were fined $100 on the same charge. Sentence was imposed by Justice Bischoff in the supreme court.

Perpetrated Marriage Swindles

Berlin, Feb. 14.—A bogus American "Colonel" Sohlemank, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, the loss of his civil rights for five years after his release, and to perpetual police supervision, as well as to pay a fine of $300, having been convicted of wholesale marriage swindles by means of advertisements whereby he succeeded in obtaining considerable sums of money from women.

Spankings For Schoolchildren

New York, Feb. 14.—Unless the board of education goes contrary to the recommendations of its special committee on the advisability of restoring corporal punishment to the public school system, insubordinate youngsters may be disciplined with good old-fashioned spankings hereafter. The board will hold a special meeting March 4 to consider the report of the special committee.

Insurance Officials Indicted.

New York, Feb. 14.—Indictments alleging perjury were returned against Foster M. Voorhees, ex-governor of New Jersey, and Frank H. Combes, after a grand jury injury into the acts of these two men while they were officials of the Bankers' Life Insurance Company. The allegations have to do with acts committed prior to 1905, while Voorhees was the president and Combes the secretary of the company.

Wanted to See Roosevelt

Harrisburg, Feb. 14.—Believing that he had an important business engagement with President Roosevelt at Washington, Walter White, en route from Madison, S. D., was taken from a railroad train and committed to the Dauphin county prison. White claims he met a party of friends in Chicago and they "doped" him to prevent him from getting to Washington to see the President.

Standard Oil Raises Prices

Lima, O., Feb. 14.—The advance of 5 cents a barrel in the price of Ohio and Indiana crude oil made by the Standard Oil company is said here to be a forerunner of higher prices for crude, there having been heavy drains in the past six months. The increase makes North Lima 99 cents and South Lima and Indiana 94 cents.

Comptroller Ridgely to Resign

Washington, Feb. 14.—It is stated on what is believed to be good authority that W. B. Ridgely, the comptroller of the currency, has decided to accept the presidency of the reorganized National Bank of Commerce of Kansas City, which suspended payment during the late financial stringency.

Nicaragua Ratifies Treaties

Washington, Feb. 14.—Don Luis F. Corea, the Nicaraguan minister, has received a cablegram from President Zelaya announcing that the congress of Nicaragua has ratified all the treaties and conventions entered into by the Central American peace congress held recently in Washington.

Want Water Company Removed

Boston, Feb. 14.—Twenty-one taxpayers of Revere have filed a bill in equity in the supreme court asking that a receiver be appointed for the Revere Water company. The petitioners maintain that the water works were purchased by the town without legal authority and that the price agreed upon, $360,000, was $95,000 too high.

OHIO PRIMARIES

Show State to Be In Favor of Taft's Nomination

FORAKER MEN CRUSHED

Supreme Court Decides Cuyahoga County Contest In Favor of the Secretary and He Will Have All the State Convention Delegates

Columbus, O., Feb. 12.—The net result of the Republican primaries held throughout Ohio yesterday was, for William H. Taft, four delegates-at-large and twenty-two district delegates to the national convention in Chicago, and a list of delegates to the state convention, to be held March 3, which will be unanimously in his favor.

No opposition worth mentioning developed during the day. The supreme court destroyed all chances of success by the Foraker element in Cuyahoga county by declaring that the Taft county committee was the only valid organization of its kind in that county and the selection of delegates there went by default, no ticket being placed in the field against the Taft candidates.

In Knox county the opposition to Taft had brought an "independent" ticket into the field, the independents, however, being all Foraker men. The Taft candidates won easily, the vote being about four to one in their favor. Actual voting for delegates to the state convention was carried on in but thirty-five out of the total of eighty-eight counties in the state, Taft delegates in fifty-two counties having no opposition, their names being simply certified as having been elected. No vote being taken in Hardin, it was the general belief that the vote would be cast in thirty-six counties, but the failure of the Foraker men to bring out an opposition ticket in Cuyahoga county reduced the number by one.

In the Sixth district congressional primaries were not held in one county (Hardin), but the result there cannot possibly override the vote in the remainder of the district and the two delegates to the Chicago convention are certain for Taft.

The following statement was issued last night by Arthur L. Vorys, the manager of the Taft presidential campaign: "Ohio is for Taft. The result at the primaries completes the demonstration. Every county (except one with seven delegates) now has selected its delegates to the state convention. Every county has selected Taft delegates. The state convention will be unanimously for Taft, for every one of the 815 delegates is for, and is instructed for Taft. This unanimity also demonstrates that every one of the forty-six delegates to the national convention will be for Taft."

Manslaughter Charged

Bangor, Me., Feb. 12.—The fact that Percy W. Lyon of Waterville, train dispatcher at that place for the Maine Central railroad, had been indicted by the grand jury in connection with the wreck at Carmel on Nov. 27, was not made known until last night, when Lyon was brought here from Waterville and arraigned before Judge Emery. He is charged with manslaughter and was released on $3000 bail.

Paid No Duty on Golden Harp

Portland, Me., Feb. 13.—A golden harp, purchased in London by Rev. Frank W. Sandford, leader of the Holy Ghost and Us society, at a cost of $100, it is said, and brought to this port on the converted yacht Kingdom, was brought to the custom house from Shiloh and will be held until duty is paid on it or a decision is reached that the payment of duty is unnecessary.

Toy Combine In Receiver's Hands

Boston, Feb. 10.—The Hardware and Woodenware Manufacturing company, formerly the National Novelty company, has gone into the hands of a receiver. It is known as the toy combine. It has factories in Winchendom and Leominster, Mass., Keene, N. H., Brattleboro, Vt., and half a dozen other places in New England and an office in Boston.

Mrs. McDonald Acquitted

Chicago, Feb. 12.—Mrs. Dora McDonald, who has been on trial here since Jan. 20 on the charge of murdering Webster S. Guerin, an artist, was acquitted by a jury in the criminal court last night. The verdict was reached after six and a half hours of deliberation, the jury having retired at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Protest Against Express Rates

Boston, Feb. 12.—A motion to bring to the attention of the railroad commission the increase in minimum express rates from 15 to 25 cents made by the American and National Express companies was unanimously carried at a meeting of the transportation committee of the Boston Merchants' association.

Trust Agrees to Dissolve

Cincinnati, Feb. 14.—The eleven laundries under indictment for organizing a combination to raise prices pleaded guilty and each was fined $50 and costs. The trust also agreed to dissolve and the indictments against the laundry proprietors were nolled.

Swearing Law Regulating Hotels

Guthrie, Okla., Feb. 11.—The house of representatives passed a measure providing that every hotel in the state shall provide nine-foot sheets and shall use "no cup, dish, vessel or receptacle for food that has cracks visible to the naked eye."

Court Allows "Spook" Will

Fitchburg, Mass., Feb. 14.—The Battles "spook" will has been allowed in the Probate Court by Judge Chamberlain, but the contesting niece, to whom was devised only $100 out of a likely $60,000 estate, will ask for a jury trial of her claim. The "spook" bequest of $5000 to Clark University was to be used in "investigating ghosts."

DEFENDS HIS CITY

Mayor of New Bedford Makes Vigorous Reply to Critics

New Bedford, Mass., Feb. 14.—Declaring that those who villified the fair name of New Bedford, even though they be ministers of the gospel, are falsifiers, Mayor Bullock defended his city before the members of the A. O. H. His speech was a reply to those who had appeared before the committee on cities at the state house last Tuesday to urge the appointment of a police commission by the governor for this city.

"We are passing through not only a vale of sorrow, but also an exposing of shame said to exist in this city," said Bullock, "and as your chief executive I stand ready to defend you and the fair name of this city against any maligner who expects to get away with it."

The mayor further declared that the appointment of a police commission for the city of New Bedford was "an undemocratic, liberty-destroying, ambition-wrecking principle, destroying the principles enunciated by our forefathers.

"Moral corruption," said Bullock, "is fostered by the higher class of men, so-called. In this community there is a smaller average of criminality than any other city of our size in the State."

Savage Assault on Cripple

Holyoke, Mass., Feb. 14.—Angered in a dispute with his wife, a cripple, as to the proper way to start a fire in the kitchen stove, James O'Connor, a laborer, is alleged to have crushed her skull with a stick of wood. The woman was taken to a hospital, where it was found her injuries are so serious that her life cannot be saved. She was sitting in a chair when attacked. O'Connor, who was arrested, is said to have been drinking.

Six Victims of Explosion

Providence, Feb. 14.—The unexpected recovery of the body of a new victim in the ruins of the starch manufacturing plant of C. S. Tanner by searchers last night disclosed the fact that six persons were killed in Wednesday's explosion. The body recovered last night was that of Albert C. Keiner, aged 45, who was passing the Tanner building at the time of the explosion. Four other bodies have already been recovered.

Burglar Made His Escape

Manchester, Mass., Feb. 14.—While Chief of Police Peabody was searching for a burglar last night in the summer residence of Walter J. Mitchell of Cincinnati, the burglar suddenly jumped from a window to the ground and made his escape in spite of a fusillade of shots fired by the chief's assistants, by leaping from the top of a twenty-foot wall which surrounds the estate.

Jail and Fine For Killing Child

St. Louis, Feb. 11.—Judge Muench sentenced Chauffeur Jesse Watson to one year in jail and a fine of $1000 for killing Hitle Christine Musick, who was struck by Watson's automobile. Watson, pending decision on a motion for a new trial, was allowed his liberty under bond.

A Quick Bill Does Not Suit

Philadelphia, Feb. 14.—The board of directors of the Trades League of Philadelphia, by the adoption of a resolution presented by the banking and currency committee of the organization, placed themselves on record as opposed to the passage of the Aldrich currency bill.

FEARFUL ITCHING AFFLICTS FAMILY

For Six Months They Suffered Tortures—Patches of Humor Became Raw—Could Hardly Sleep—Medical Treatment Did No Good but

TWO SETS OF CUTICURA CURED THEM IN TEN DAYS

"Last February my sister broke out with a humor which gradually spread to the rest of the family, I being the last to take it. It manifested itself in patches varying from the size of a pea to that of a silver dollar. The joints of our limbs were most affected. The parts where the skin was tender soon became raw and irritated and we were able to sleep but little because the itching got so bad at night. My sister consulted a physician but he was unable to name the disease and the treatment he prescribed did no good at all. As the warm weather came on we were tortured worse than ever, the irritated parts causing us to scratch until they would bleed. In August, when it was at its worst, my sister was given a cake of Cuticura Soap. This she tried and it afforded so much relief that I bought the complete treatment, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills. This we used according to directions and immediately the humor began to disappear. I then bought another set and the whole family were cured by these two, the blotches disappearing in ten days. After this we used the Cuticura Pills for ten days more to be sure that the humor had gone to stay. We have not been troubled since and we all think that if it had not been for the Cuticura Remedies we would have been suffering yet. George W. Brown, 18 Linden St., Rockland, Mass., Jan. 28, 1907."

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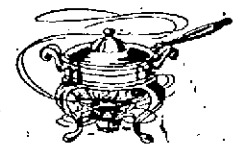
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Patty On the Stairs.

I ask no sweeter music,
No lilt of goldener strain;
Than Patty's little footsteps
On the stairs with dawn's return;
I ask no tenderer chorus,
I seek no heavenlier lure,
Than sound of Patty's slippers
When she comes down the stairs:
Oh, pitter, pitter, patter;
O music all so sweet!
When pretty little Patty
Comes with her tripping feet!

The whole house larks and wakens,
The bright day at the door
Bows with a rose of greeting
From the old rose walks of yore;
The sad heart turns to smiling,
The dull eyes burn with gleam,
When little Patty dances
Adown the stairs of dream.
Oh, patter, patter, pitter;
Oh, wild an old heart's beat,
When pretty Patty cometh
All on her tripping feet!

From lips of love's good morning,
From kiss of dawn's bright dew,
O Patty, Patty, Patty,
The whole world wakes with you!
The halls with laughter echo,
The rooms with sunshine glow,
When Patty, Patty, down the stairs
Comes tripping heel and toe;
Oh, pitter, pitter, patter,
And heed will for her;
Sweet Patty, Patty, on the stairs
Sets all my heart astir!
Right out of childhood's slumber,
Right out of dreamland spell.

Her clear voice ringing, singing—
No need of breakfast bell!
With gold locks waving, swinging,
And blue eyes twinkling far,
Across the hall and down the stairs,
Sweet Patty, there you are.
Oh, patter, patter, patter;
Dear music, how you bring
The old world all lost glory
Lost amplitudes of spring!

I ask no greater treasure,
I pray no stronger prayer,
Than love's sweet childhood revel
When Patty's on the stair;
Life has no sweeter music,
Gold has no brighter gleam,
Than Patty's lips of laughter,
And Patty's eyes of dream;
Oh, pitter, pitter, patter;
Oh, lure of childhood's grace,
When Patty comes at morning
With love's smile on her face!
—Baltimore Sun.

Old Friends.

We just shake hands at meeting
With many that come nigh;
We nod the head in greeting
To many that go by—
But welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true;
Then hearts leap up, and straightway
There's open house for you,
Old Friends,
There's open house for you!
—N. Y. Tribune.

He Was a Clergyman.

According to the Pittsburg Press, a couple of New Yorkers were playing golf on a New Jersey course on election day when they saw a fine-appearing old gentleman looking at them wistfully. They asked him to join the game, which he did with alacrity. He was mild in speech and manner and played well. But once when he make a foozle he ejaculated vehemently the word:

"Croton!"

A few minutes later, when he had made another bad play, he repeated:

"Croton!"

The fourth time he said this one of his new-made friends said: "I do not want to be inquisitive, but will you tell me why you say 'Croton' so often?"

"Well," said the gentleman, "isn't that the biggest dam near New York?"

He was a Presbyterian clergyman from Brooklyn.

This is a Baby!

The little family group was gathered around the font, and the clergyman, about to officiate, felt called upon for remarks.

"No one," he began, "can foretell the future of this little chap. Who knows but that he may grow up to be a great general, like Grant himself. Or, it may be, a world famous scientist, like the immortal Newton. He may become a soul saving divine or a wisdom breathing judge."

Then turning to the fond mother, he added, "What name is the child to bear?"

"Matilda Mary Florence," was the reply.—Lippincott's.

A Mystery.

A vicar having had his fruit stolen, found the print of a dirty finger on an unripe peach. He determined that he would find the thief by the Bertillon method. "John," said he to his man, "my fruit was stolen last night." "Was it?" asked John, innocently. "Yes," replied the vicar, sternly; "but the thief left his mark behind, and I shall easily find him," holding up a photographic enlargement of the tell-tale finger print. John paled visibly. "I did it, sir," he stammered, "but it licks me how you came by that print of the seat of my corduroys."—London News.

The Chauffeur's Motto.

There is no greater work than that of service faithfully performed, and it matters little in principle whether it be for a master or for a nation. If we were asked for a chauffeur's motto, we could give none better than that of the heir to the throne—Ich dien, I serve.—Chauffeur.

Representative Champ Clark of Missouri tells the Indianapolis News a story about former Representative Henry U. Johnson of Indiana.

"Mr. Johnson," he said, "was engaged in a debate with an Illinois congressman and called him an ass. This was unparliamentary, of course, and had to be withdrawn. Pursuant to the order of the speaker, Mr. Johnson said:

"'I withdraw the language I used, Mr. Speaker, but I insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order.'

"'How am I out of order?' demanded the Illinois man with considerable heat.

"'Probably a veterinary surgeon can tell you,' retorted Johnson. This was parliamentary, and went into the Record."

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told Mr. Marks.

"If I had always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"

"There will have to be a great deal of vigilance exercised in the cruise of the fleet."

"That's been provided for. The fleet's commander is all 'It.'"

Persons who can afford to do so should always take a few days rest after their vacation.—Toledo Blade.

Patient—Isn't that a pretty big bill? Doctor—Well, living cost more than it used to you know.

Literary Notes.

The February Lippincott's contains a strong novelette by Marie van Vorst, who has to her credit "Amanda of the Mill," "When Spring Comes Late," and a number of other fine stories. Miss van Vorst demands and receives higher compensation than the usual run of authors, but as the appearance of a new novel by her almost invariably means a decided upward jump in circulation for the lucky publication containing it, publishers generally regard her work as a good investment.

Victims of insomnia, whose name is legion, will find Dr. George Lincoln Walton's article on "Sleeplessness," in the February Lippincott's, not only interesting, but decidedly helpful. Dr. Walton, who is one of our best known neurologists, has made an especial study of this annoying malady. The sufferer therefrom thus gets the benefit of a famous specialist's advice, without paying the specialist's usual fat fee.

Ezra Brudno, a Hebrew writer of some distinction contributes an article on "The Twentieth-Century Jew" to the February Lippincott's which should be of extraordinary interest not only to his own race but to gentiles as well.

Tom Masson—we beg his pardon; Mr. Thomas L. Masson, if you please—contributes a whimsically funny tale called "A Story That Went Wrong" to the February Lippincott's.

Elsie Singmaster, who has been making a name for herself through her delineation of the Pennsylvania-German types, has a characteristic story in the February Lippincott's.

Those who like stirring tales of army life will find "Rakes," in the February Lippincott's, very much to their taste. Will Levington Comfort, a young American writer who has been steadily forging to the front of late, is the author.

A Good Gain.

In commenting on race suicide Prof. L. C. Marshall of the Ohio Wesleyan University, said recently:

"Nothing encourages marriage of the good honest fruitful sort like a summer vacation at the seashore or on the mountain tops.

"The other day I met a former student of mine, a prosperous man. He looked brown and fit.

"'Hallo,' I said, 'you are the picture of health.'

"'Yes,' said he, 'I am just back from my vacation. I gained 113 pounds.'

"'Nonsense!' I cried. 'I don't believe it.'

"'Don't you?' said he. 'Well, here it comes now, anyway. Wait a minute, and I'll introduce you.'"—The Circle.

The Injured One.

A gentleman owning a sugar estate in Demerara went out to visit it for the first time. The day after his arrival he stood watching the punts bringing the cane home. A young Negro boy who was driving the mules struck one of them with his whip. The mule promptly responded by launching out with his heels and dealt the boy a kick on the head which stretched him on the ground, where he lay rubbing his woolly pate on the spot where the kick had been received.

"Is he hurt? Is he hurt?" cried the planter in alarm. A full-grown Negro, hearing the expressions of concern, sprang forward hastily and, raising the mule's heels, shouted out:

"No, boss! Tat mule him walk teudah fo' a day o' two, but him no' hurt."—Chamber's Journal.

A Gentle Hint.

"I got a neat rebuke for my curiosity once," said a well-known Baltimore man to Lippincott's Magazine, "and it was administered to me by a native of the Cheat River region in West Virginia.

"I had stopped overnight in the district in question, and in the morning was strolling about the place, asking all sorts of questions. Presently I met a lanky mountaineer, who greeted me with 'Howdy' and passed the time of day most pleasantly. Seeing that he was barefooted, a circumstance, it seemed to me, quite odd in a mountainous region, I asked:

"'Is it the custom of this country for the men to go without shoes?'

"'Waal,' the native drawled, 'some on us do, but most on us attend's to our own business.'"

Reduced Criticism.

After a concert at Manchester, Eng., Joachim, the great violinist whose death occurred recently, was at the railway station waiting for a train. A respectable looking man apparently a navvy in his best clothes, paced at his side awhile watching him with close interest. Finally he asked for a light and got it. As he drew at his pipe to get it started he looked Joachim full in the face. Then, just as he was about to go on, he rapped the violinist's chest impressively.

"But Paganini was the man," said he.

Joachim used to say, declares the narrator of this story; that he never felt so small in his life. Whole pages of learned musical criticism had never begun to whittle him down so fine.—Youth's Companion.

Couldn't Get at It.

An Irishman who had just united with a Catholic Church in a small town was careless enough to let the priest catch him coming out of a saloon with a jug under his arm. The priest waited for him to come by and said:

"Pat, what is it you have in that jug?"

"Whisky, sor," answered Pat.

"Whom does it belong to?" asked the good man.

"To me and me brudder, Moike, sor."

"Well, say, Pat, pour yours out, and be a good man."

"I can't sor; mine's on the bottom," answered Pat.

An Oxford undergraduate was reciting a memorized oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed, and a look of blank despair came over his face. He began as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen—Pitt is dead, Fox is dead, Gladstone is dead"—Then, forgetting, he hesitated for a moment and continued: "And—I—I—I am beginning to feel pretty sick myself."—Lloyd's Weekly.

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The Electric Corn Popper.

The old-fashioned wire corn popper, in which you pop corn over a glowing fire, is familiar enough, but a novelty is the electric corn popper, in which you pop corn by electricity.

The electric corn popper consists of an aluminum basin, with flaring sides, to which is fitted a dome-shaped cover of wire gauze; this cover to keep the corn from popping out as it pops, and also to enable one to see how the popping is getting on. To the under side of the basin is permanently attached a resistance coil in which heat is produced when the electric current is turned on.

In one side of the popper are two plug holes. Into these holes you insert the two plugs at one end of a flexible electric wire, the other end of which you screw into the nearest and convenient electric light socket.

As everybody knows, in popping corn in a wire popper you have to keep the popper moving as you hold it over the fire to keep the corn from burning; to permit keeping it agitated to the same end the electric popper, which is used on a stand or table, is mounted on wheels.—N. Y. Sun.

All Nature Fakes.

After a careful and impartial consideration of all the evidence bearing on the subject, the Investigating Committee reports that, notwithstanding their long life and apparent respectability, the following are undoubtedly nature fakes.

The bull in the china shop.
The wolf at the door.
The fly in the ointment.
The dog in the manger.
The bee in the bonnet.
The flea in the ear.
The rat that was smelled.
The chorus girl's lobster.
Pigs in clover.
Horse and horse.
Time flies.
The Welsh rabbit
The man on a lark.—Indianapolis News.

The Unwitting Jester.

Here are some gem answers to questions put in a recent history examination at a large private school:

"Simon de Montfort formed what was known as the Mad Parliament; it was something the same as it is at the present day."

"Cromwell raised a famous body of soldiers known to history as the 'Ironclads.'"

"Mortmain tried to stop dead men from leaving their land to churches."—The Tatler.

Many old houses in Holland have a special door which is never opened save on special occasions—when there is a marriage or a death in the family. The bride and bridegroom enter by this door, and it is then nailed or barred up until a death occurs, when it is opened and the body is removed by this exit.

I've just been thinking," said Willieboy.

"Thinking what?" demanded Stillman; to whom the idea of Willieboy's thinking was somewhat disconcerting.

"That in Adam's case it must have been a real re-leaf to change his clothes," said Willieboy.—Harper's Weekly.

Helen was watching some flies on the window pane, when she called to her mother. "Mamma, come and see if this is the bosom fly!"

"The bosom fly, child! What kind of a fly is that?"

"Oh, the one they sang about in church last Sunday—'Let me to thy bosom fly.'"—Circle.

"No," she sadly said, "I can not marry you, Charles. I am sorry, but it is best that we should part."

"You have admitted that you love me," he protested.

"I know, but I am afraid you wouldn't in case of trouble be able to pay me enough alimony to be worth mentioning."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"So you think there is less bribery among public officers than formerly?"

"I'm sure of it," said Senator Sorghum. "It's gotten so that a man can't tell whether an offer of money is a bona fide transaction or merely a trap to get a man before the grand jury."—Washington Star.

"Josiah," asked Mrs. Chugwater, "what do the papers mean when they talk about 'tainted money?'" "Money that's been kept in an old yarn sock," answered Mr. Chugwater. "Can't you give your mind a chance to work once in a while?"—Chicago Tribune.

Master of the house—But, Nina, why are you so excited?

Maid—The mistress has dismissed me.

"I congratulate you!"—Translated for Trans-Atlantic Tales from Fliegende Blaetter.

Atlas was holding up the world.

"There never was a highwayman like me," he boasted.

Buying a newspaper he read of the McCurdy operations and felt like a four-flusher.—Portland Telegram.

Customer—I want a nine shot revolver.

Gunsmith—We have nothing but five and six shooters, sir.

Customer—Won't do! I want to kill a cat.—Chicago News.

Some civilians imagine that officers have only to teach men how to fight; they have a much more difficult task in teaching them how to live than to die.—Broad Arrow.

"How did it happen you lost that forty-eight-hour continuous walking match by such a big score?"

"The other fellows rang in a sleep walker on me."—Chicago Tribune.

Old Lady (seeing a friend off on steamship)—Now, do be careful, dear, and don't forget to give the captain a shilling to keep off the rocks.—Punch.

When you see a woman standing in front of a mirror she is either admiring herself or planning to improve her looks.

Every married woman knows at least half a dozen men who, she imagines envy her husband.

So far as known, the undertaker is the only man in the world who knows that the styles change in hearses.

If Mississippi gave Missouri her New Jersey what would Delaware? I don't know, Alaska.

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This Ingenious Publication Completely Fooled the Savants and Bibliophiles of Europe and Was the Literary Sensation of Its Day.

When P. T. Barnum cynically remarked that the American people loved to be fooled he might just as well have left out the adjective, for that Americans are much more gullible than natives of other lands can very readily be called into question by anybody at all familiar with the history of humbuggery. I suppose that for pure effrontery and ingenious brazenness the Fortsas Catalogue stands in the front rank of deception. Yet this pamphlet was foisted not upon the American public, but upon the savants and bibliophiles of Europe—men skilled in the art of books and in the detection of forgery. So cleverly was this fraud conceived and executed that it deserves to stand in the front rank of any consideration, however brief, of clever deceptions.

The Fortsas Catalogue was published in 1840—a small book purporting to be the catalogue of the private library of a certain Count J. N. A. de Fortsas of Binche, in Belgium. Although the book consisted of but fourteen pages and listed only fifty-two titles, it stirred up a veritable teapot tempest among the wise heads. The reason was not far to seek—not one of the books mentioned in the catalogue was to be found in any other library or publisher's list! They were all absolutely "sole surviving" copies of intensely interesting works. In the words of the catalogue itself, "the count pitilessly expelled from his shelves books for which he had paid their weight in gold—as soon as he learned that a work up to that time unknown had been mentioned in any catalogue." Each new research of learned investigators into the book lore of antiquity, it was claimed, "had thinned still further the already decimated ranks of the count's sacred battalion." Weary of his tremendous and self imposed task of collecting only unique specimens, the count was stated to have died on Sept. 1, 1839, and his library was now offered for sale. Apparently the fraudulent character of such master foolery was quite patent. Yet the high brows "bit" enthusiastically, and there resulted one of the most amusing incidents of the decade.

For instantly the learned book lovers were up in arms, each trying to outdo his rival and secure for himself the most precious of the treasures at the sale which was advertised. Orders poured in from all over Europe on the behalf of scholarly societies, libraries, royal families and literary epicures. One bookseller came all the way from Amsterdam just to see No. 75, the "Corpus Juris Civilis." The Princess de Ligne "for the honor of her family" ordered No. 48 at any price to suppress it on account of certain discreditable family episodes it was supposed to contain. Many other prominent persons and institutions clamored for a chance at the collection. "Men remembered having seen books that never existed," says William Shepard. "The foreman in Castaman's printing office at Tourney had distinct recollections of a bogus volume credited to his press."

Unfortunately the advertised sale never came off. On the 9th of August, the day before it was to have begun, the Brussels papers announced that the town of Binche had determined to keep the collection intact by purchasing it with public funds. The amusing part of this statement was that Binche was a most insignificant village, quite unable to purchase much of anything, let alone a universally desired library. Still, even that statement was believed.

The truth eventually transpired that the Count de Fortsas, his miraculous library and the catalogue were all the creations of an ingenious fellow named Rene Chalons, living in Belgium. His catalogue begot a rather extensive literature of its own, which has since been collected and published under the title "Documents et Particularites Historiques sur le Comte de Fortsas." A copy of the original catalogue now rests in the Congressional library at Washington.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Surprise For St. Kilda.

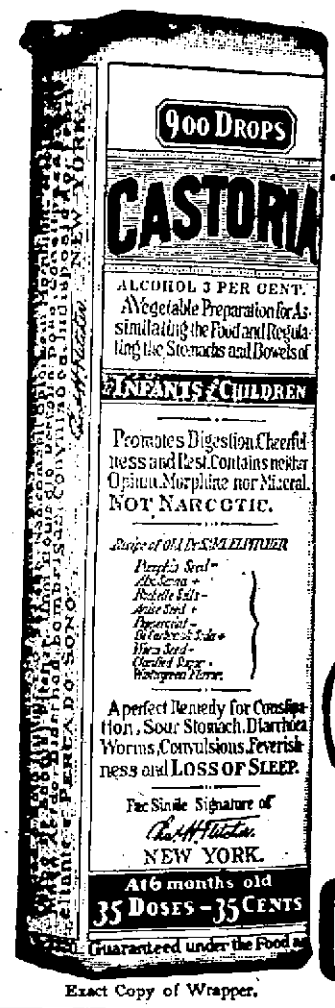
The inhabitants of the lonely isle of St. Kilda were astonished one winter some years ago at the appearance of a great blood red, conical object floating on the wild Atlantic billows to the westward of the isle. With much difficulty the derelict was brought to shore, and as the St. Kildans had never before seen such a queer looking thing and could make no guess as to its purpose or place in the scale of created things they indulged in wild visions of its valuable nature. But when the factor came across on his yearly visit from the neighboring but distant island of Great Britain he identified it as a great iron buoy which, it subsequently appeared, had broken away from its moorings in New York harbor and drifted in the gulf stream across the Atlantic. It had taken two years in the passage.

Occasions do not make a man either strong or weak, but they show what he is.—Thomas a Kempis.

A Little Ambiguous.

She—So sorry to hear of your motor accident! Enthusiastic Motorist—Oh, thanks! It's nothing. Expect to live through many more. She—Oh, but I trust not.—London Opinion.

A person is always startled when he hears himself seriously called old for the first time.—O. W. Holmes.



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"LA MAISON BARRIE ET FILS a pensé qu'il convenait, au seuil du XX^e siècle, d'élever un monument durable au grand romancier du XIX^e. Elle lance aujourd'hui cette grande édition réclamée depuis si longtemps, non seulement par les balzaciens, mais aussi par tout le public, veritable édition de luxe, illustrée avec amour par les meilleurs artistes, et dont le prix, malgré tous les sacrifices nécessités par une aussi vaste entreprise, a été maintenue au prix ordinaire de leur édition en anglais. Seuls, les Américains avaient osé dépenser des centaines de mille francs pour éditer superbement BALZAC."—*L'Illustration, Paris.*

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A Rare Bird.

In some way he managed to reach the city editor and before that important personage could say a word the visitor blurted out:

"You meet with many suicides in the course of your day's work, eh? Murder, homicide, suicide, moving accidents by flood and field, hairbreadth escapes——"

"Well," said the city man, "we——"

"Oh, I know, I read the papers," continued the garrulous one. "I know what goes to make up the news of a great city. It's all sadness, horror, degradation, vice in a hundred forms——"

"Come," said the news man, "my time is valuable—if you have an item——"

"Oh, I forget. I just dropped in to say that I feel sorry for the harrowing experiences you have to go through. You see, business is booming, my wife and I get along amazingly well together, the weather suits me to a T, no one borrows any money from me, my watch keeps time, my shoe laces stay tied, and——"

"Good day," said the editor.

"Good day," said the voluble one, "but before I leave I just want to add that I think it would do you good if you'd put in a little item stating that you met one happy man to-day—needn't mention any names. Here's my card. Good day!"—New York Herald.

After being conducted through an old church by the verger, a visitor was so pleased with the officer's courtesy and information that he insisted on giving him half a crown. The man shook his head sadly. "Thank you, sir," he said, "but it's quite against the rules."

"I am sorry for that," said the visitor, about to return the half crown to his pocket.

"But," added the verger, "if I were to find a coin lying on the floor it would not be against the rules for me to pick it up."—Tit-Bits.

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CHAS. L. LONGSDORF, N. E. P. A.
360 Washington Street, Boston.



Lady (to bookseller)—Will you show me something for a boy of 6 to read in church while the sermon is going on?—Punch.

The Lady Nurse.

[Frances H. Low, in the London Chronicle.]

Take any group of average women of the educated class who are responsible, or mainly responsible, for the well-being of a household, and ask them fairly and squarely (I exclude from this discussion the very wealthy woman who, less than anyone else, is affected by the great problem), what it is that stands in the way of the complete well-being of their home, of its smooth working routine, of its cleanliness and comfort, of the legitimate pleasure of which it should be at once the symbol and the subject. If fairly and squarely tackled the answer will be, not the various "woman's wrongs," not woman's "rights" in the shape of privileges at the ballot box, but the ever-present, ever-increasing, seemingly insolvable problem of domestic service, of servants who are incompetent and untrained, yet demand and obtain high wages.

Melancholy as the fact is, the most determined opponents of the better state of things are the very women of the educated class, especially of the middle social ranks, who, though the victims and the sufferers in one respect, are the sinners and part producers of the present impasse in another respect.

Take, for instance, a movement in which for many years I have been deeply interested—the movement for persuading and training educated, refined gentlewomen to go into nurseries and, whilst acting as nurses in affairs of the body, become the influence and example by which the child is reared and moulded and unconsciously educated. Now this movement, which started so promisingly, and ought by now to have evoluted into honorable, well-paid work, has, I will not say developed, for that implies growth, but fallen upon wholly wrong and bad lines, and the "lady nurse," to the shame of thousands of women employers, is simply the person who will come—usually from necessity, her circumstances being more urgent—at a lower salary than the person of no education and refinement.

I was present not long ago at a meeting of philanthropic well-to-do ladies who make it their business to assist educated women who want to get work. A register is kept of wants and wanted, and on this particular occasion the secretary (who, with the exception of myself, was the only genuine working woman there) stated that a certain lady of position and wealth, also prominent in the same sort of philanthropic work, needed a lady nurse. The nurse's qualifications were to be as follows:

She must be a lady by birth, well educated and perfectly trained at one or other of the institutes for lady nurses. Failing this, she must have been for at least two years in a lady's nursery, and not only be accustomed to children, but able to nurse them in ordinary ailments, her youngest charge being three years old. As the mother was a very much engaged lady, the nurse would have to take the control of the nursery and be therefore skilled in nursery management. Another of the indispensable qualifications demanded was that of a thorough needlewoman who could cut out and make children's clothing. There were stringent requirements concerning the nurse's health and appearance. The age of the lady nurse was to be between twenty-four and thirty. It will be seen that the woman capable of satisfying the demands, all of which are perfectly proper for the responsible position in question, would be either practically experienced, or trained. She is in either case fairly entitled to be called skilled, having herself the fastidiousness, the nicety and the personal requirements of a lady.

The salary offered was £25 to £28. The secretary glanced at me. I suggested to the ladies that the name of Mrs. X. should not be taken on our books unless she agreed to give at least £30. I spoke with warmth and expressed my amazement that a lady interested in the raising of the standard of nursery nurses and living in a house, the rent of which was probably £200, should dare to offer less than £30. To my utter amazement the feeling was entirely against me; and I discovered afterwards that one woman in the room, who gave her cook £40, defended Mrs. X. on the ground that she probably "could not afford more."

From this argument the ladies would not budge. Others said it was such a privilege to be in such a beautiful home as that of Mrs. X., that she could get ladies (the daughters of clergymen) to come for half. All thought £25 a "very liberal remuneration." When ladies, wrapped in furs, with broughams at the door, and with cooks to whom they give £40 a year, sincerely believe that the complacent argument, "Well, perhaps she can't afford more" is perfectly irreproachable, from the point of view of ethics, good taste, good sense, political economy and the rest, I confess my soul sinks within me and I give myself up to despair.

I pointed out that I was in perfect agreement as to the advantages to be derived from being a nurse in Mrs. X.'s house. She would have airy rooms, regular hours, good food, and a healthy honorable, interesting and progressive occupation such as few other women's occupations—indeed, none other but that of a teacher—probably offered.

All these are admirable things, and that is why we are urging women of culture and intelligence to take up this nursery-culture in place of typewriting or ladies' journalism. But we had not dreamed that educated, refined women were to be asked to devote their best working years and their skilled services in the arduous and responsible labor of moulding the future race, for a remuneration below the amount that would be given by the same employer in the same household to the head housemaid.

I asked these good ladies with indignation what possibility there was of saving out of a wage of £25 or even £30 a year. Even granting that the white uniform of the nurse is comparatively inexpensive, I suppose most women have some friends or relatives whom they visit on terms of ordinary equality. They would, therefore, need clothes like other women, and would need to spend, I suppose, at least £12 a year on clothes. The nurse would also have, I suppose, the ordinary omnibus or train expenses when she goes out once a week, and would need note paper, postage stamps and the various other small necessities that women with the habits of one's class need. I suppose it would not be unfair to put these expenses down at the modest weekly sum of 3s, which would bring her outgoings up to £19, or, as these figures may be regarded as rather high, we will say £18.

Out of the remaining £7 a year the nurse, like most other hard-working women, will probably want a holiday, and by this I do not mean going to the seaside with the children in August and having a rather more tiring, exhausting time than at home. I mean a holiday in which she is free from the children and can rest. One may put this down at £2 or £3, according to where her friends live, or whether she has a home to go to. It is probable that a good mistress with a sense of duty would pay the doctor's bill for her nurse; it is highly improbable she would pay the nurse's dentist's bill. We have also to reckon every few years the necessity to seek a fresh situation, and the probable necessity every few years of more prolonged rest than that afforded by the three weeks' holiday.

Under the best circumstances a nurse of this type could not possibly save more than £3 or £4 out of a wage of £25 a year; and coming back to the crux of the whole question, no employment can be encouraged by right-minded persons which does not permit of at least £7 10s being put aside (after the first two or three novitiate years) without entailing intolerable sacrifices.

The comforting theory that "if you can afford to pay more" for your child's nurse, you are perfectly justified to pay her "sweating wages" is held in truly amazing quarters. Two of the ladies in question were great on "woman's suffrage." Now I have dwelt upon the situation as it has developed itself of the lady nurse, because every single feature of it applies to the whole problem of home service—a preferable word, in my opinion, to domestic service, which has come to be associated with the contemptible. Or better still would be the words household craftswoman and household service.

The Aker Family.

In the last days of the Republic there was no family which was more distinguished than the Aker family. In the first decade of the twentieth century, hardly a paper or magazine but had some reference to one or the other of them. The most distinguished of them were Muck R. Aker, Nature F. Aker, and Rebate T. Aker. It is not clear now what the relationship of these three was, although it is known that they were closely connected. Many of the best authorities believe them to have been brothers, but it is hardly likely that three men of such diverse character could have been the sons of one father.

It seems more likely that Rebate T. Aker was the son or possibly the brother of one Fer Aker, who was United States Senator from one of the principal commonwealths at that time. There are authorities who deny this relationship strenuously and insist that Fer Aker belonged to a collateral and insignificant branch of the Aker family of which Trouble M. Aker was by far the ablest representative.

As to Muck R. Aker, there is no doubt that he was closely connected with a certain Congressman by the name of No-Pass Robert B. Aker, a resident of the bridegroom district, then known as Brooklyn.

There are some genealogists who believe they have traced the family back as far as the First American Revolution and who aver that they were all descended from a famous religious man who was called Q. U. Aker, who came to this country and settled first in Pennsylvania, but this averment is substantiated on philological grounds only.

Rebate T. Aker was immensely wealthy, and history tells of a bitter feud between him and his followers, and the followers of one Trust B. R. E. Aker, a distant cousin.

Both Nature F. Aker and Muck R. Aker were noted for their literary abilities and their vivid imaginations, although their work lay along different lines, the former devoting himself to the study of biology and animal life, the latter attending solely to political and social phenomena.—February Lippincott's.

The Diamond Salesman's Secrets.

[From the Cleveland Plain Dealer]

"There is no line in which more care must be exercised than in selling diamonds," remarked one of the oldest dealers in Cleveland. "For instance, we don't dare show a man a larger stone than he can afford to buy. Even a diamond, a carat or a carat and a half in size looks like a mighty small affair to pay so much money for, and if a man comes in expecting to pay $75 for a diamond he may get disgusted and not buy at all if the salesman shows him something a little larger for $200. The salesman, if he knows his business, will find to a certainty just how much a customer is willing to pay before he shows him anything. Then it's better not to show a colored stone, such as a ruby or an emerald or a bluish diamond in connection with other diamonds. If you show some customers a colored stone and then put it away and show him a good white diamond he will declare that the diamond is off color. It does not seem to be a whim so much as the effect on the eyes of the colors in the stones."

"Silence is Golden."

In a certain village of New Hampshire there is a quaint old character known as Boss Mellin, keenly alive to the truth of the old saying, "Silence is golden." Mellin's gift in this respect approaches genius, though he was fully aware of what he deemed his shortcomings thereto.

Mellin used to make mattresses for a living. One day a native of the place entered his shop and asked, "Boss, what's the best kind of a mattress?"

"Husks," was the laconic response of Boss.

Twenty years later, so runs the tradition, the same man again entered the shop, and again asked, what, in the opinion of Mellin, was the best kind of a mattress.

"Straw," said Boss.

"Straw. You told me husks was the best!"

Boss Mellin emitted a sigh. "I've always ruined myself by talkin'," said he.

A promising youth recently surprised his father by asking:

"Father, do you like mother?"

"Why, yes; of course."

"And she likes you?"

"Of course, she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time, my son."

"Did she marry you because she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy scrutinized his parent closely, and after a long pause asked:

"Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"

"Some of these prophets," said Thomas W. Lawson, remind me of the man who dropped a nickel in a blind beggar's hat and exclaimed in a benevolent voice: 'There, my poor fellow, is a quarter for you.' 'Why on earth,' said the man's companion, 'did you give him a nickel and say it was a quarter?' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'I wanted to cheer him up.'"

Bashful, Yet Fearless.

If I had been caught in such a situation by anybody but John Benton I should have been terribly annoyed.

There I was sitting on the floor of the nursery with hair tumbled, my face red, and a big rent across the front of my skirt, where it had been caught by a nail a few minutes before during a fierce blindman's bluff scrimmage.

My little sister Alice was having a party and of course I had to assist in entertaining the guests. There were just twelve, seven boys and five girls. When John Benton tapped at the door I said "Come in," carelessly, supposing it was one of the servants.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Latour. They said I should find you here. But perhaps I have made some mistake."

"Not at all, Mr. Benton," said I, as I scrambled to my feet. "We are pleased to see you. Sit down on—on the piano stool. The chairs have been taken into the other room. We have been playing blind man's bluff."

"I—I received this invitation," went on Mr. Benton, taking an envelope from his pocket.

The gilt-edged card within read:

"Miss Latour requests the pleasure of your company on Tuesday, Dec. 29, at five o'clock."

I looked reproachfully at my seven year-old sister, Alice. She had sent one of her printed invitations, in which the printer had neglected to insert the name "Alice," to John Benton, and the great booby had taken it for granted that I was the Miss Latour, so he had come in full dress—a nice contrast to my torn dress and dishevelled hair.

I did not care much what I said to John Benton. Ever since I had met him at the Warren's ball, three months ago, my brothers all decided that he was in love with me, but was too bashful to tell me so.

Not that he was backward where men were concerned. My brother Will took me to the Stock Exchange one morning, and I saw John Benton, with his hat on the back of his head, grasping a brass railing with one hand and shaking the other, holding some papers in the face of a savage looking man, and shouting at him at the top of his voice in the most defiant manner.

But Mr. Benton was not thinking about the market as he walked over to the piano stool in his dress coat and white necktie, and sat there with one of the most sheepish smiles I ever saw on a young man's face.

"Now, Lou, you must sit down on the floor again, so that we can play forfeits. And you, too, Mr. Benton. Come on," said Alice.

John Benton blushed and looked at me.

Most of the penalties were in the shape of kisses, and I felt nervous until my turn came. Alice held the forfeits over the head of a particular friend of hers, a girl of her own age, and it was the duty of the latter to say what should be done with the owner of the article. There was my handkerchief held up threateningly.

I am ashamed to say that my heart beat quickly when Alice repeated the familiar nursery jargon, and it fairly jumped when she, with a mischievous glance at Mr. Benton and myself, stopped and whispered to her friend. Then she went on with the question:

"What shall be done with the owner?"

Clear out and distinct came the answer:

"She shall kiss Mr. Benton."

"Oh, it's Lou—it's Lou!" shouted Alice.

There was silence as everybody except Mr. Benton looked at me to see the operation performed, when a baby voice at my side said:

"I'll tiss him for you, Lou."

So Stella climbed up to Mr. Benton's neck, with one of her hands on his white shirt front, and, as she said herself:

"I tissed him right on the mouf, and it tittled my nose!"

I did not want to play at forfeits any longer—it was too dangerous, so I proposed that we should all sing.

"Yes, I can sing. I know lots of songs."

"Yes, Stella, let us hear you sing one all by yourself."

So she commenced deliberately:

"Little bir-die, on-the-tree (a long breath) on-the-tree! (another long breath) on-the-tree!"

Then she stopped, and with a haughty disregard of the desires or opinions of her audience that would have been worthy of a petted prima donna, turned carelessly round on Mr. Benton's knee and looked out of the window, while the company awaited her pleasure.

"Oh, loot—loot at the big birdie on the tree out of the window," she said, suddenly, pointing downward toward where I knew a tall tree grew close to the house.

Mr. Benton was apparently startled by this evidence of Stella's keen vision, for I saw him jump as his eyes followed the direction of her finger. He controlled himself at once, however, as he replied quickly:

"I think that is the shadow of a cloud in the moonlight, and not a birdie, Stella."

"No, no, I saw a birdie on the tree," she persisted.

He put her down and she ran over to me. As I took her on my lap I heard the door close, and saw that John Benton had disappeared.

"I want some more sugar candy," announced Stella, imperiously.

"I shall have to go downstairs for it, Stella. It is all in the dining room," I said.

"Well, do down. I'll be dood."

Of course I had to go. I left Stella to Alice's charge and ran swiftly down the stairs. The nursery was on the third floor. I do not know what induced me to open the door of my parents bedroom as I passed it. I did so, however. It was quite dark save for one narrow bar of moonlight forcing its way through the branches of the poplar outside the window.

I glanced carelessly into the room, with my hand on the handle of the door, and was about to continue my journey to the dining room when I felt a current of air from an open window, and saw something white gleaming in the moonlight for an instant and then disappear.

"What is that? It looked like a hand," I thought, as an indescribable feeling of terror passed over me and left me shivering.

There was not a sound to be heard in the room save the rustling of the curtains as the light wintry breeze blew them from the window; but I was certain some one was there.

He was inside the room by this time, and I noticed that his footsteps were noiseless, as if he had no shoes on as he moved across the bar of moonlight toward the bureau where my mother always kept her jewelry. I saw a round patch of bright yellow fall on the keyhole of the top drawer, and then heard a metallic rattling. The thief was picking the lock.

If I could only scream or call Will!

The drawer opened; the man was fumbling at its contents, when—crash! The yellow flash of light disappeared and, with a fearful word, I saw the man fall, another man holding him! Then a pistol shot rang through the room and echoed up and down the stairs, and the room was flooded in light. Somebody had switched on the light.

For a few seconds my eyes were so dazzled that I could not see anything. Then I saw two men rolling on the floor in a desperate struggle, while a pistol lay just outside of their reach. The man underneath, with his closely fitting plush cap, was scrowling at me, as he tried to release himself, and I could see murder written on his thin lips and short, turned up nose so plainly that I should have been in favor of hanging him on the spot.

In the battle, just as Will and my father reached the room and rushed past me, the combatants rolled over; a very red face, which however, was anything but sheepish now, was turned toward me. The face of—John Benton!

Will had the thief by the arm in a moment, while John Benton lay panting on the floor. Then it was a great red stain on the white shirt front. It was blood.

Somehow, I forgot all about the thief. Will, my father—everything, as I threw myself down by the side of John Benton and pressed my handkerchief over the red stain.

"John, John! What is it? Where are you hurt? Oh, father, he is killed!" I screamed. "What shall I do?"

I will never believe again that John Benton was ever bashful, for he just put one of his hands on the back of my head, pulled my face down to his and whispered:

"Do just what you are doing now; and as you have commenced to call me John, do it all the rest of your life and let me call you Lou."

There was a sudded disturbance. The thief had broken away.

"It is not serious," said John, sitting up. "That fellow cut his hand in some way while opening the bureau and he rubbed the blood all over my shirt; that's all."

I bit my lip and gave John a look that should have frozen him. It did not have the proper effect, however, for he followed me upstairs to the nursery, where the racket of play had rendered the children oblivious to the disturbance below.

As he took Stella on his knee he said:

"You must sing 'Birdie on a Tree' for us us again, will yo ?"

"Ess, I will sing it for you, you must tiss Lou for me now. She has given me lots and lots of candy."

"Yes, I think so," said John. "And I'll tiss her for you."

And he actually did it.

How He Got Home.

Jack had paid his way always. Out of the poverty of his childhood, he had fought his way through the university. After graduation he felt he must see Europe, and with the little accumulation he had, he "crossed the pond," trusting to good luck to get him home again. But his trip of sightseeing over, he found himself in Liverpool, without money and with no means of getting any.

He thought he would just go down to the steamer, go on board and see how it would seem if only he were going home.

As he wondered over the big liner his attention was attracted by a crying baby. The mother was travelling alone, and while she was attempting to see to all the thousand and one details incident to the beginning of an ocean trip, the baby had resented the neglect he felt he had received and was crying. The mother was at her wit's end.

Jack's kind heart prompted him to say, "Let me take the baby, madam. Perhaps I can keep him quiet until your preparations are made."

This request, so unusual from a stranger, and especially from a man stranger, naturally filled her with surprise; but she looked Jack squarely in the eye for a second and trusted him. "I wish you would," she said.

Jack's care was extremely satisfactory to his babyship, and when, in a half hour, the mother was ready to reclaim her child, she found a happy baby cooing and trying to devour a bunch of keys at one gulp.

She laughed as she took the youngster and thanked Jack. Then she added, quite in fun, "I wish you were going clear across."

Jack saw his opportunity. He said, "Madam, I'm a college student, out of funds, and longing for home. If you will pay my passage to America, I will take care of your baby all the way across."

His proposition was accepted, and he kept his word. He is a prominent lawyer now, and he looks back with considerable amusement to his experience in getting home from Europe.—Youth's Companion.

A Sure Cure for Winter.

Keeping the hens, and the two pigs, the horse, the cow, the four boys, and the farm, for the year round, is a sure cure for winter, and for a great many other ills. In addition to the farm, one must have some kind of a salary, and a real love for nature; but given the boys and the farm, the love will come, for it lies dormant in human nature, as certain seeds seem to lie dormant in the soil; and as for the salary, one must have a salary—farm or flat.

The prescription, then, should read:
A small farm of an acre or more,
A small income of a thousand or more,
A small family of four boys or more,
A real love of nature,
Doses, morning and evening chores, to be taken daily, as long as winter lasts.—Dallas Lore Sharp, in the February Atlantic.

"The other day," said a man passenger in a street car, "I saw a woman in a street car open a satchel and take out a purse, close the satchel and open the purse, take out a dime and close the purse, open the satchel and put in the purse. Then she gave the dime to the conductor and took a nickle in exchange. Then she opened the satchel and took out the purse, closed the satchel and opened the purse, opened the satchel and put in the purse, closed the satchel and locked both ends."

"Every cloud has a silver lining," said the patient citizen. "There is no loss without some gain."

"That's right," answered Farmer Cornhusel. "Nearly every mix-up these financial institutions get into gives some hitherto underpaid patriot a good job."—Washington Star.

"Willie Green," said the teacher, "you may define the word memory."

"Memory," said Willie, "is what we forget with."—Pick-Me-Up.

Women's Dep't.

United Mine Workers Declare for Woman Suffrage.

At Indianapolis the other day the United Mine Workers of America endorsed woman suffrage by a rising vote following an address by Miss Laura A. Gregg, fraternal delegate from the National Woman Suffrage Association, who aroused great enthusiasm by telling of the splendid services rendered to the cause in Oklahoma by Pete Hanraty, one of the officers of the Mine Workers. The following day a formal written resolution, presented by President Mitchell himself, was unanimously adopted.

Bernarr MacFadden On Civic Decency.

"There are enough men and women in this country working for the betterment of mankind to secure absolute control of every elective office. Why, cannot we all get together? Why must we be continually pulling away from each other? We are all working for the same object. There may be a little difference in details, but in the main we are trying to uplift mankind. We are working for temperance, most of us for total abstinence. All of us believe in those things which tend to improve the morals and hereby the manhood and womanhood of the race. Let us suppose that all the socialists, the prohibitionists, members of the W. C. T. U., the Y. M. C. A., and every church organization that stands for human betterment were to combine their forces at the polls at the next presidential election. No one can doubt the result. The man who had been nominated and who had agreed to stand by the principles for which these mighty forces and organizations are working would be elected. He could not possibly be beaten. No power on earth excepting criminal machinations of unscrupulous and prominent politicians could defeat such a mighty movement."

So speaks Bernarr Macfadden in his magazine Physical Culture. Sounds well, doesn't it? Mr. Macfadden overlooks one important fact in this beautiful plan, however, and that is that the churches, having so many more women than men members, are practically disfranchised and that the W. C. T. U., being composed entirely of women, is utterly disfranchised. When the women of this country have the same right at the polls that men have, then Mr. Macfadden's remarks may be in order.

Illinois Will Celebrate.

The Legislature of Illinois recently adopted the following resolution:

"WHEREAS, The fortieth anniversary of the first Illinois society organized to obtain just laws for women and children will occur in February, 1909, and a celebration to commemorate this anniversary will be held in Chicago in the State of Illinois at that time; and to this celebration will be invited the Governors and other delegates from all the Mississippi Valley States to report their own progress in these matters, and to discuss the possible advantages of a greater uniformity in laws relating to marriage, divorce, guardianship of children, conjugal rights in property owned by spouse and in personal earnings, protection of children and kindred topics; and

WHEREAS, we believe that a study and public discussion of such laws would be of practical value in future legislation,

THEREFORE, we, the members of the Illinois Legislature, extend a cordial greeting to the Governors of our sister states of the Mississippi valley, and join in the request that each Governor attend this celebration and appoint two additional delegates to represent his State.

We further request the Governor of Illinois to issue such invitations to these Governors and other persons and to choose four persons from Illinois to act with him in aiding the Committee of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association which has inaugurated plans for this celebration.

Votes for Women in Denmark.

Denmark recently empowered women to vote for members of boards of public charities and to serve on such boards, and she has now followed this up by granting them full municipal suffrage.

There is nothing slow about the Scandinavian countries when it comes to political progress. Parliamentary suffrage was granted to women by Norway in 1907, and by Finland in 1906. In Norway, Sweden and Finland, women have long had the municipal vote and last year Sweden made them eligible also to municipal offices.

For Over Sixty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Colorado, Montana and Utah have shown a decided decline in the production of precious metals.

Big Dinners.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, suffer from Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. If these will take just one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after eating, they will be surprised by the entire absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily distress them, and may continue in their improper course of eating big dinners without fear. Only one little pill, remember.

Niagara Falls as a power generating plant is worth $65,000,000 per year.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

The electric clothes dryer is now being put in the luxurious class.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

Nevada seems apt to forge to the first place in the production of precious metals.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthing plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters.

Why Tigers Can't Climb.

Arthur Guiterman in February St. Nicholas.

The tale is of the Tiger and his Aunt who is the Cat:
They dwelt among the jungles in the shade of Ararat.
The Cat was very clever, but the Tiger, he was slow;
He couldn't catch the Nilghau or the heavy Buffalo;
His claws were long and pointed, but his wit was short and blunt;
He begged his wise Relation to instruct him how to hunt!

The Cat on velvet patterns stole along the quiet hill;
"Now this," she whispered, "Nephew, is the way to stalk your kill."
The Cat drew up her haunches on the mossy forest couch,
"And this," she said, "my Nephew, is the proper way to crouch."
She hurled through the shadows like a missile from a sling;
"And that, my loving Nephew, is the only way to spring!"

Oh, hungry was the Nephew, and the Aunt was sleek and plump;
The Tiger at his Teacher made his first apprentice jump;
He did it very ably, but the Puss, more quick than he,
Escaped his clutching talons and ran up a cedar tree,
To purr upon the Smarter from the bough on which she sat,
"How glad I am, my Nephew, that I didn't teach you that!"

And, since that curtailed lesson in the rudiments of crime,
No enterprising Tiger has discovered how to climb.

The Country Banker.

The writer of the article from whic the following extracts are taken is th editor of the Daily Reflector, Abilene Kansas, and has written frequently for the Atlantic.

THE COUNTRY BANKER.

Enter the small town for almost any purpose,—to sell books, to sell a location, to look up land titles, to write life insurance, to get a news story, to collect a debt,—and early in your visit you will go to the ornate, imposing building on the corner of the two busiest streets. You will pass a lattice crowned counter, be admitted to a small room large enough only to hold a desk and two chairs. There you will come face to face with the town's financier, the Pierpont Morgan of the community, the banker. Not an enterprise, not a considerable business undertaking, is started without consultation with him. The man who sells a farm and wishes to put his money where it will earn interest goes to the banker. The widow with a few thousand dollars of life insurance—more money than she ever saw together in all her life before—asks the banker how to invest it. It would be better if more of this class would take the banker's advice when it is given. Then there is the merchant who owes for a large portion of his goods—he comes nervously asking if the bank will "see him through" the dull season. The banker gives assent to one, explains to another, refuses a third, and comes at last to read unconsciously the business record of every man he meets on the street.

BANKS IN THE WEST.

Banks are in every hamlet and village of the Middle West, and are steadily increasing in number. The community of two hundred population often has a bank; some of four hundred population have two. Yet with the prosperous years of the past half-decade have they succeeded remarkably. Said the cashier of a little bank whose stockholders are nearly all farmers, located in a town of 250 population two hundred miles west of the Missouri River:—

"When we started five years ago, experienced bankers told us we might get $15,000 in deposits, but we could not hope for more; that we might pay ten per cent dividends, and would probably have some losses. We have $81,000 deposits, all out of the immediate vicinity, have paid 21½ per cent dividends each year, and have not yet lost a dollar!"

PAYING BY CHECK.

The country banker exerts his greatest influence on national finance during the crop-harvesting season. Whether it be in the gathering of fruit in California, of cotton in the South, or of wheat in the plains region, the banker comes in direct touch with the worker.

Take the wheat harvest, as covering the widest area and creating the most intense demand during its existence. In a single state twenty thousand harvesters are needed besides those already at work on the farms. Through the labor bureaus and railway departments whole trainloads of workers are secured from states at a distance. These helpers are mostly Bohemians and they have no local standing. A grain raiser went among his laborers one Saturday night and, asking their names, proceeded to make out checks for the week's work.

"What shall we do with them?" asked one.

"Cash them at the bank, of course."

"Who will identify us?"

The employer saw the point, tore up the checks, and secured currency with which to pay the men. That made a demand on the bank. Scores of other farmers were doing the same thing. Hundreds of other communities did it. The result is that the country bankers draw millions of dollars from the "reserve centres" every harvest and to some degree change national financial currents thereby.—C. M. Harger, in the February Atlantic.

The Expert Lumberman.

One of the most interesting sights the new arrival in Canada can strike is to witness a log drive on one of the rivers there, especially should there be several rapids to navigate.

The expert river man is a clever athlete—clever and nervy as any circus rider, his steeds probably cutting more antics than any horse could think of. He will jump from one log to another quickly as they swirl around until he reaches the one he wants; then he will make for the centre and stand perfectly upright and still, balancing himself with a long pike or peavy, sometimes running down stream miles without landing.

He also guides other logs into the channel in passing, at times jumping from one to another in marvellous fashion, although the logs are twisting and turning in every direction.

Probably the cleverest piece of work one could observe out here is when the logs get jammed in passing the rapids. Then you see the expert at his best. He is here, there and everywhere until he gets things as he wants them, when he will calmly stand and ride down among the heaving, grinding mass as though there were no danger at hand. This scene, so full of excitement, once witnessed, could never be forgotten.—London Tit-Bits.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought

Chas. H. Fletcher

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1908.

NOTES.

BREWSTER. LUDLOW — Nathaniel Brewster of New Haven was one of the earliest graduates of Harvard. Early in 1651 a church was formed at Alloy, Norfolk. Brewster was connected with this church from the first, but did not settle there till 1658. In 1654 an order of Council directed an augmentation of 36 pounds, for the better maintenance of Nathaniel Brewster, late minister of Netisheard and Irsted, Norfolk. 22 April, 1658, a petition of Nathaniel Brewster and others, to the Council, on behalf of several inhabitants of Fairfield and Long Isle, in New England, was received. He was settled at Brookhaven, L. I., in 1665, where he died in 1690, aged 85, according to a statement by a grandson to President John Adams. He married Sarah, a daughter of Roger Ludlow. (See page 16, No. 490.) (Register 1903, page 197.)

Roger Ludlow was an Assistant of the Massachusetts Colony 1630–4; was Deputy Governor in 1634. In 1635 he removed to Windsor, Conn., and was the first Deputy Governor of Conn. In 1639 he removed to Fairfield. He was a Commissioner of the United Colonies in 1651–2–8. A full memoir of him is printed in Stiles' "His. Ancient Windsor." Mr. Day styles him Father of Connecticut Jurisprudence. His daughter Sarah was said to have been distinguished for her literary acquirements and domestic virtues. She married Rev. Nathaniel Brewster of Brookhaven, L. I. (Register 1896, page 30.) Roger was born at Dinton, Mar. 7, 1590, matriculated at Balliol College, Oxford, June 16, 1610. Gained distinction in New England. He was son of

Thomas Ludlow, of Dinton and Bayeliffe; buried at Dinton Nov. 25, 1607, married Jane, daughter of Thomas Pyle of Baxton in the parish of Fisherton de la mer, sister of Sir Gabriel Pyle. Will proved July 6, 1650. Son of

George Ludlow, High Sheriff of Wilts, 1567. Will proved Feb. 4, 1580; married Edith, daughter of Lord Windsor of Stanwell, Middlesex. Son of

Withain Ludlow. Will proved May 9, 1633; married Jane, daughter and coheiress of Nicholas Moore, of Withford, Co. Southampton. Son of

John Ludlow, buried in chancel of Hill Deverill Church. Will proved Nov. 14, 1519. Married Philippa, daughter of William Bulstrode, of London. Son of

John Ludlow. Will proved April 26, 1488; married Lora, daughter of Thomas Ringwood, of Ringwood, Hants Co. Son of

William Ludlow of Hill Deverill, Co. Wilts. Butler to Henry IV, V and VI. M. P. for Ludgershall, Wilts. Buried in St. Thomas' Church, Salisbury. Married Margaret, daughter and heiress of William Rymer.

Arms of family.—Argent a chevron between three martins' heads erased sable. Crest, a demi martin rampant sable. Motto, "Omne solum forte patria." Register 1888, page 181.—I. L.

QUERIES.

6606. HARDING—Stephen Harding of Providence, R. I., was a blacksmith. Had dealings in real estate in 1664, '65, '69, '75, '77. July 1, 1679, he and his son Stephen were taxed together. Aug. 24, 1692, he deeded to son John 70 acres of land, etc. Is mentioned in 1687 tax rate.

April 10, 1693, he and his wife Bridget deeded to son Abraham all homestead estate, etc., in consideration of his (Abraham) caring for mother and father the remainder of their lives. 1695, deeded more land to son Abraham. Died Feb. 20, 1698. April 12, 1698, Administration to son John of Newport. (Israel Harding of Swansea became bondsman.)

Stephen and wife Bridget had children:

I. Stephen (2) born in Providence; married Jan 25, 1679, Mercy Winsor, dau. of Joshua Winsor. Both Stephen and Mercy died in 1680. No issue.

II. John (2) of Providence and Newport, wife's name not known, deeded land in Providence 1682. Is freeman at Newport 1684. Mar. 4, 1702, John, Israel and Stephen Harding are proprietors in common land at Newport.

July 4, 1715, Israel Harding of Newport, calling himself son of John, deeded land which had been owned by said Israel's honored Grandfather, Stephen Harding, deceased.

John (2) had Israel (3) and Stephen (3).

III. Abraham, born in Providence, was blacksmith. Is mentioned in tax rate 1687. Died Nov. 23, 1694.

Dec. 18, 1694, inventory was presented by widow Deborah.

They had children:—Israel, Stephen, John, Mercy and Lydia (born Aug. 23, 1692). Deborah and Thomas.

IV. Priscilla, married Thomas Esten. She died 1708.

V. Sarah married Henry Esten. She died Aug. 20, 1731.

There was a John Harden who was the third pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Newport.

His wife was Sarah Butcher, and his children's names were:—Mary, Elizabeth, Amey, Hannah and Israel. He died in 1709. He came from Kent in Old England by way of Boston to Newport. This John Harden seems to be entirely distinct from the other Harden families.

Query:—Lydia Harding, or Harden, whose birth is recorded in Swansea and Providence records as occurring Aug. 1, 1697, was daughter of Israel and Sarah.

There are no less than three distinct Israel Hardings living at this time, as mentioned in above records, viz.—

Israel (3) 1st son of John (2) (Stephen (1)) of Providence and Newport.

Israel (3) 1st son of Abraham (2) (Stephen (1)) of Providence; and Israel the 5th child and only son of Rev. John Harden of Sec. Bapt. Church of Newport.

In administration of Stephen (1) Harding's estate Israel Harding of Swansea, whose wife was Sarah, became bondsman. Who was this Israel's father? Was he John (2) of Newport, Abraham (2) the blacksmith of Prov. or Rev. John Harden of Sec. Bapt. Church of Newport?

Since writing the above query I have learned that Lydia Harding, daughter of Israel (3) (John (2), Stephen (1)), married Oct. 21, 1717, Barlow Greene of Old Warwick, R. I. This would seem to put Israel (3) first son of (John (2), Stephen (1)) whose wife was Sarah, out of the field as the ancestor of Lydia who married James Thurber of Rehoboth, and leaves the question between Israel (3) 1st son of Abraham (2) (Stephen (1)) of Providence and Israel the 5th child and only son of Rev. John Harden of Sec. Baptist Church of Newport.—A. C. M.

6607. VAUGHAN—Dr. Thomas Moore, b. July 25, 1771, d. May 15, 1861, married at Coventry, R. I. Mar. 1, 1798, Elizabeth Vaughan of East Greenwich, R. I., who died Aug. 6, 1853. Would like her ancestry.—J. S. S.

6608. ALMY—Would like parentage of George Irish Almy, whose brothers and sisters were William Ellery Almy, Sarah Almy, Patience Almy, Alice Almy. George Irish Almy married Elizabeth Freeborn.—A. A. T.

Middletown.

The Berkeley Men's Club has commenced its organization with a membership of 12 members, electing Joel Peckham president; J. Overton Peckham, vice president; Daniel A. Peckham, secretary and treasurer. At the meeting held on Wednesday evening at the Berkeley parish house a constitution and set of by-laws were adopted and an Executive Committee appointed. This included the officers of the club with the addition of Rev. John B. Diman, Rev. Latta Griswold, and Howard G. Peckham. The reading table is well stocked with magazines, a small beginning has been made in filling the libraries, and checkers, chess, cribbage, and cards will help the gentlemen to pass a social evening. For the present, meetings will be held once a week, on Wednesday evening, the house being also open to members on that afternoon. The first meeting of each month will be devoted to business and the list of charter members will remain open until March.

The president, Mr. Joel Peckham, is to have charge of the renting of the building. A committee consisting of members of the Men's Club and the ladies of St. Columba's Guild decided upon the following scale of prices: For the entire use of the whole building $3.00; assembly hall separately $5.00; kitchen and dishes $2.00; guild room or reading room $1.00 each. While there are several ladies' clubs in the town, a men's club is an entirely new feature and it is hoped that the gentlemen will cordially assist in enlarging the membership and in promoting the interests of the community. The neighborhood has also felt for a long time the need of a hall that could be rented for social purposes, and as the building is pleasantly and conveniently arranged, well heated, and lighted by electricity, it is hoped that it may prove a valuable acquisition to the East Side."

Newport County Pomona Grange, No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, will hold its regular meeting on Tuesday next, with Nonquit Grange, Tiverton. Worthy State Master Frank E. Marchant of East Kingston will be present to install the newly elected officers. At the close of the business session, the lecturer, Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham, will present the program, "The Days of Washington"—opening with a roll call of "Colonial Quotations." The lecturer's hour is always open to the public, who are cordially welcome.

Lincoln's birthday was observed by the Paradise Reading Club on Wednesday afternoon by a program devoted to sketches of his life read by the various members. Mrs. Charles H. Ward was the hostess.

Miss Lizzie T. Peckham, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Oscar Peckham, who was successfully operated upon Saturday last for appendicitis, was seriously ill during the early part of the week at the Channing Hospital. Later reports show much improvement. Her sister, Mrs. C. LeRoy Grinnell, and her brother, Mr. Christopher Peckham, of Providence, were called home by her severe illness.

The regular weekly devotional meeting of the Epworth League, having been transferred from Friday to Tuesday evenings for the present, Mrs. H. H. Critchlow, in the absence of Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell, conducted the services, presenting the topic, "Co-Workers with God." This subject was especially appropriate at this time as being applicable to the Union services now being held in Newport in which out-of-town churches are invited to participate.

Exercises of an interesting nature were held at the various schools on Wednesday morning in commemoration of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. The programs prepared by Walter E. Ranger, Commissioner of Schools, Providence, included many patriotic songs, "The Salute to the Flag," the reading of patriotic sentiments given by high officials holding public positions, essays and recitations, and marching with flags. The teachers were all quite loyal in their observance of Grand Army Flag Day, decorating the school rooms in flags and patriotic pictures, and some of the teachers presenting each child with a flag. The children were given the afternoon as a half holiday. Among the visitors at the schools were members of the School Committee.

Mrs. Mary Louisa Williams, second daughter of the late William Peckham, and formerly well known in Middletown, has removed to Lynchburg, Virginia, where she is living with her niece, Miss Emmie Peckham.

At a meeting held at the town hall on Tuesday night by the Citizens' Association of Middletown it was voted to give a supper at Oakland Hall on Wednesday evening, February 19th, followed by an entertainment and dance to be given under the direction of the entertainment committee, Chester B. Brown, William S. Caswell, and William R. Hunter. The next business meeting of this organization will be held on February 25 at the town hall. With a new party in the field, there are all probabilities of an active campaign this spring.

With rainy weather to contend against, the gentlemen of the Methodist Episcopal Church were agreeably surprised to entertain some 185 guests at their annual turkey supper, given Thursday evening, in the large vestry of the church, at the Four Corners. Large and small American flags had been festooned and draped about the hall in an artistic manner and supper was served at 3 long tables, which extended the length of the vestry and which fairly groaned under their weight of good things. The supper was pronounced excellent, both in quality and quantity, 157 pounds of turkey being disposed of with all the fixings in abundance.

During the supper the organist of the church Miss Sadie E. Peckham, gave a pleasing musical program. Miss Marie Brown, of Newport, also rendered several selections. The men of the church made efficient waiters, setting the table, waiting upon the guests and performing the rest of the labor usual in connection with the affair.

It is privately understood, however, that they possibly might have had a little advice from the women. Mr. Charles H. Ward was the chairman of the supper committee, together with William J. Peckham and James H. Barker. Newport is always represented by a cordial delegation and, notwithstanding the rain, numbered a party of about 50. At a possible estimate somewhat over $50 may be cleared to add to the building fund.

Aquidneck Grange held its regular meeting on Thursday evening at the town hall. Following the business session, interesting articles were read by the Grange members upon the home and public life of Abraham Lincoln and of incidents relating to his wonderful personalities. The lecturer's subject for the evening was "Reminiscences of Lincoln and Washington," but the day being so near Lincoln's Birthday the program was devoted with one exception to his honor, the exception being the reading of General Washington's address to Congress in resigning his commission in 1783 as commander-in-chief of the army.

Following the termination of the program the long supper table was set up the length of the hall and an excellent oyster stew served. The Worthy Master appointed at this meeting Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Peckham and Mr. John R. Austin as an especial committee to prepare public entertainments to be given during the year under the auspices of this Grange.

Need of Battleships.

The reduction in the number of proposed new battleships, to be authorized by the present Congress, from four to two, has aroused considerable unfavorable comment among those who are urging a bigger navy. The New York Herald remarks:

The recommendation of only two battleships by the naval committee of the House is a fresh example of the concessions forced by the exigencies of politics. It is not, perhaps, quite fair to put all the blame for this weak policy on the committee, as it, like Shakespeare's apothecary, has to admit that its poverty and not its will consents to this inadequate extension of our sea power.

If common sense ruled, Congress would authorize not less than six homogeneous battleships. We are just now playing with fire, and such a logical advance would be an answer to all outside challenges and be a burden easily borne in the four years over which the cost might be spread. Even failing this, the four vessels suggested by the Navy Department and urged by the President would to a definite degree go more than half way toward satisfying the demands of a grave situation.

The other sea powers are in the meantime saying little and sawing wood valorously, going forward by definite programmes on surer and straighter lines. By the end of 1911 Germany will have afloat nine and Great Britain eighteen capital vessels of the improved Dreadnought type. More than this, every other nation will have as almost hopelessly outclassed in destroyers and cruisers. France has taken a new spurt. Japan is protesting peace and preparing for war somewhere; and three years hence we will be relegated in sea strength surely to the fourth and possible to the fifth place in the naval hierarchy. And yet it is so plain, so certain, that in the second place alone lies our confident assurance of peace.

Belmonts Enjoined.

The Superior Court has granted a permanent injunction against the Belmonts, in accordance with the prayer of the petitioners, restraining them from closing portions of Ledge road and Lake View avenue in accordance with the permission granted by the board of aldermen. This decision was handed down by Presiding Justice Sweetland this week. The injunction is regarded in some quarters, however, as not pertaining to the general public, but merely requiring that a right of way be left open for the benefit of the petitioners, whose rights antedated those of the city. Whether or not the roads will be closed to the general public remains to be seen.

This matter came before the courts as a result of the steps taken by O. H. P. Belmont and his wife to close those portions of the highways referred to which pass through their estate. The Belmonts petitioned the Board of Aldermen for permission to close these highways and Jan. 2, 1908, the Board declared "those portions of Ledge road and Lake View avenue adjacent" to the Belmont estate to be useless to the public and granted the petition for leave to close them.

As soon as this permission was given, ex-Governor Charles Warren Lippitt and Mrs. Lucrie F. Post of New York, entered a protest against the proposed closing of the highways in question, and asked the Court for an order restraining Mr. Belmont from carrying out his design until a hearing could be had on the matter. This request was granted, and a few weeks ago the case was fully heard before Presiding Justice Sweetland.

The argument advanced by the attorneys for the complainants, that the Board of Aldermen had no power to close the highways or grant permission to Mr. Belmont to close them, because the right of way in the two mentioned streets was an easement appurtenant to the land of the abutting owners, is supported in the receipt.

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Polished mahogany finished reception chairs at $3.25.
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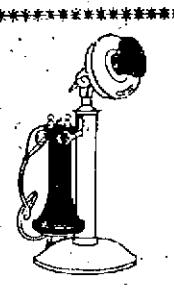
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When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

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STATE OF RHODE ISLAND,
House of Representatives,
Providence, February 7, 1908.

PUBLIC HEARING.

AUTOMOBILE LEGISLATION.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 45 and 70, relating to the licensing, numbering, use and speed of motor vehicles, and the licensing of operators of such vehicles, in Committee Room 22, State House, Providence, on TUESDAY, February 18, 1908, upon the rising of the House.

JAMES HARRIS, Chairman.
ARTHUR A. RHODES, Clerk,
88 Weybosset Street.
2-15-1w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., February 10th, 1908.

Estate of Bersheba D. Ball.

LORENZO H. MOTT, Administrator of the estate of Bersheba D. Ball, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of her funeral, and settling her estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of her death was seized and possessed of the one-fifth part of all the estate of Laura E. Mitchell, late of New Shoreham, deceased, comprising two separate lots or tracts, situated in the central part of the town of New Shoreham, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, containing by estimation about 87 acres, be the same more or less, as the same shall appear by the records to be butted, bounded and described.

And further representing, that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely necessary, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of her interest in said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the second day of March, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
2-15-w Clerk.

GET THESE NEW

March Edison Records

FOR YOUR

PHONOGRAPH

Keep in touch with the new songs and music. Enjoy the old successes. Laugh at the country's best fun-makers. The best talent in the land is represented in this list of new Edison Records for March. Humorous selections predominate, but they are of a high order; just the sort of breezy entertainment the season suggests. Then there are songs, waltzes and marches enough to well round out the list. Go over these at our store and take home the ones you like. Then you will hear your Phonograph at its best.

We have the largest stock of Records in the city.

Barney's

Music Store

154 Thames Street

The lawyer said sadly to his wife on his return home one night: "People seem very suspicious of me. You know old Jones? Well, I did some work for him last month, and when he asked me for the bill this morning, I told him out of friendship that I wouldn't charge him anything. He thanked me cordially, but said he'd like a receipt."—Montreal Herald.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

February 15th, 1908.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator, of the estate of EBENEZER MOTT, late of said New Shoreham, deceased; and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned or file the same in the Office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement thereof.

SILAS W. MOTT,
2—15—2wks. Administrator.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, February 1st, 1908.

Estate of William E. Dennis.

WILLIAM E. DENNIS, JR., Temporary Guardian of the person and estate of William E. Dennis, of full age, of said Newport, presents his second annual account with the estate of his ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the twenty-fourth day of February next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
2-8-3w Clerk.

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2-1-4w

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, December 16th, A. D. 1907.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 1621, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 24th day of June, A. D. 1907, and returnable to the said Court, December 24th A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 12th day of June, A. D. 1907, in favor of Louis H. Gehl, of the City of New York, and State of New York, plaintiff, and against William McCarthy Little, of Newport, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, defendant, I have this day at 15 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, William McCarthy Little, of Newport, had on the 26th day of January, A. D. 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Southwesterly, by Everett street (formerly called Everett Place); Northwesterly by Sarah B. Dennis; Northeasterly, by Jacob B. Brown; Southeasterly, by land now or formerly of the heirs or devisees of John J. Carry. Be the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
2-15-1w Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, November 1st, A. D. 1907.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 1623, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1907, and returnable to the said Court, April twenty-eighth, A. D. 1908, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the eighteenth day of October, A. D. 1907, in favor of Abram T. Anthony, of said Newport, plaintiff, and against The Bearhaven Realty Company, a corporation owning real estate in the City of Newport in said County, defendant, I have this day at 28 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, The Bearhaven Realty Company, had on the 1st day of February, A. D. 1907, at one minute past 12 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the Northwesterly corner on the Easterly side of Hammersmith Road (sometimes called Helena Road), where the parcel of land about to be described adjoins other land of said Bearhaven Realty Company, thence running in a curved line in a Southerly and Southeasterly direction along the said Hammersmith Road to Brenton Road, and thence in a curved line in a Northeasterly direction along said Brenton Road, 1,257 feet, more or less to the point of beginning, containing 6,252 acres, more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 4th day of February, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
1-11-4w Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, SC:

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to WEDNESDAY, March 4, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.
Newport, Feb. 8th, A. D. 1908—2-8-4w

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

Sledding Notice!

In compliance with the provisions of Section 10, Chapter 12, of the Ordinances of the City of Newport, the following named streets are hereby designated as coasting places:

For Single Sleds Only.

Sanford street, North Baptist street, Sherman street, Barney street, Prospect Hill street, Extension street, and North side of Washington square.

Double Runner Sleds.

May be used on Mann avenue, Catherine street, Buena Vista street, and Bath Road, east of Rhode Island avenue, and Narragansett avenue and Webster street, west of Spring street, but not elsewhere.

Sledding On Sidewalks Positively Forbidden.

The Ordinances in regard to the cleaning of Snow and Ice from the sidewalks, and in regard to leaky gutters and spouts discharging on sidewalks will be enforced.

By order of
James R. Crowley,
Chief of Police.

VII.

For Sale or Exchange

Seven acre pond lot cottage, One Mile Corner, lots Brooks Avenue and Whitwell Avenue and Almy Court.

W. G. PECKHAM,
Westfield, N. J.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.